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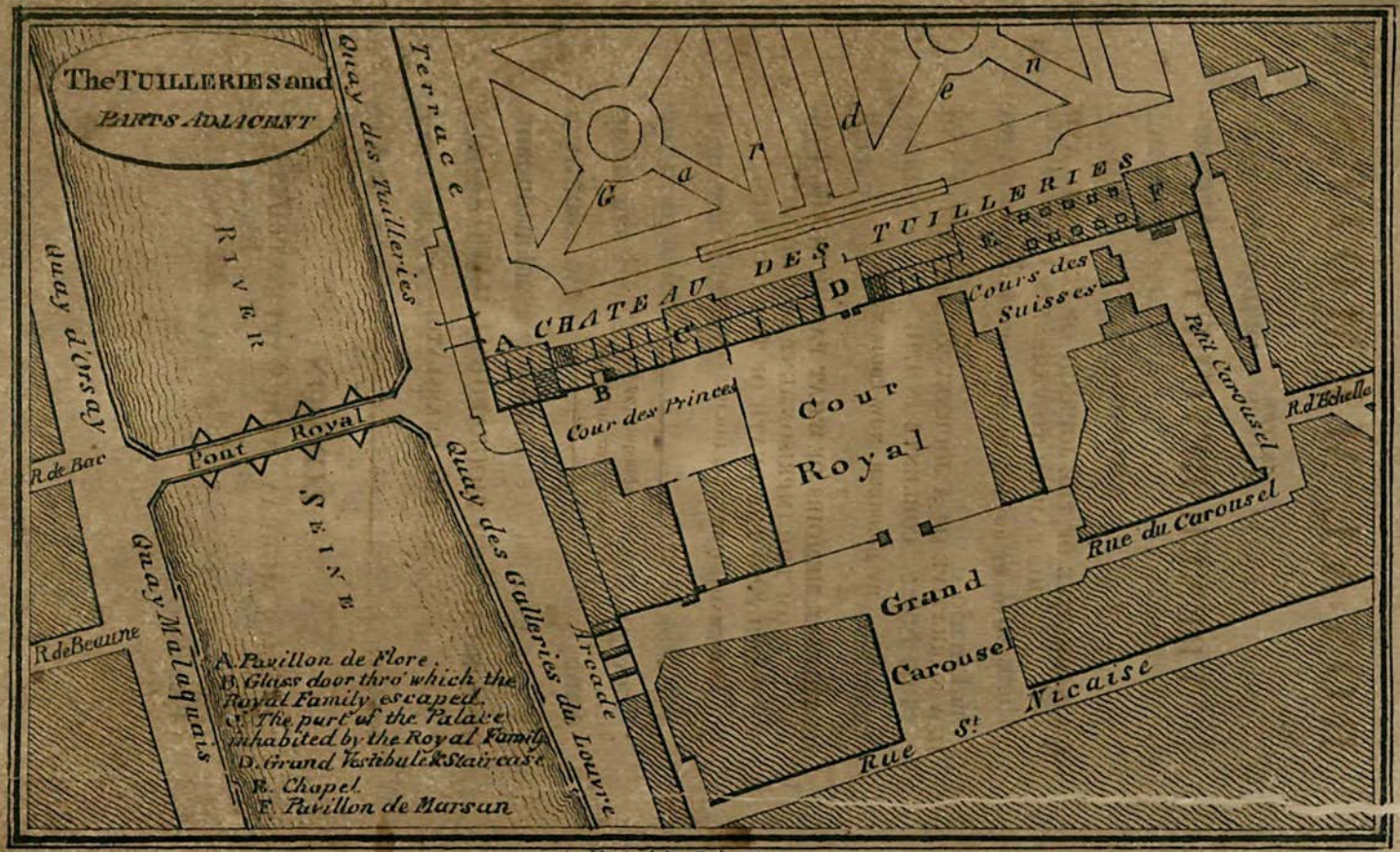
ROYAL MEMOIRS

OF THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION.



Published by John Murray

ROYAL MEMOIRS

ON THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION:

CONTAINING,

I. A NARRATIVE OF THE JOURNEY OF LOUIS XVI. AND HIS FAMILY TO VARENNES,

BY MADAME ROYALE, DUCHESS OF ANGOULEME.

II. A NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO BRUXELLES AND COBLENTZ IN 1791,

BY MONSIEUR, NOW LOUIS XVIII.

III. PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF WHAT PASSED IN THE TEMPLE, FROM THE IMPRISONMENT OF THE ROYAL FAMILY TO THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN,

BY MADAME ROYALE, DUCHESS OF ANGOULEME.

" ——— Quæque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui."

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WITH

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1823.

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PREFACE.

THE translation of the Duchess of Angoulême's "Memoirs of what passed in the Temple" was published in 1817. The original has been lately republished in Paris with a renewed interest; and a correspondent feeling in this country has required a new edition of this little work.

Another Memoir by the same hand relative to the Journey to Varennes, which was, many years ago, incorporated into Mr. Weber's Memoirs, ap-

pears worthy of being reproduced in a more distinct form. And the lately published Narrative of Louis XVIII. of his escape to Bruxelles is so nearly connected with the former tracts, and seems so much of the same character, that it has been thought that the public would not be dissatisfied at finding them collected in one volume, and illustrated and explained by a series of historical and biographical notes.

Though these notes may, at the *present moment*, appear unnecessarily copious, they will, it is presumed, be *hereafter* valuable, when many points which are now capable of explanation may be forgotten.

The translator begs to observe, that he has endeavoured, on all occasions, to render not merely the meaning, but the style and expressions of the originals. It would have been much easier to have translated them into a more flowing and purer diction; but he was desirous of preserving, as far as the idiom of the two languages would allow, the simplicity, the freedom, the repetitions, and even the *errors* of the originals, and to afford the English reader the nearest approximation to the phrase and manner of the respective writers.

NARRATIVE

OF THE

JOURNEY TO VARENNES

OF

LOUIS XVI. AND HIS FAMILY,

IN JUNE, 1791.

BY

MADAME ROYALE, DUCHESS OF ANGOULEME.

NOTICE.

This Narrative must have been written by the Princess shortly after the event. It was given by her to Mr. Weber, her mother's foster-brother, who, after escaping the massacre, both of the 10th of August and the 2d of September, reached England in the latter end of 1792, and he incorporated it in his Memoirs.

No single event, perhaps, ever had such important consequences as the arrest of the King at Varennes: other and perhaps as great consequences might probably have followed his escape, but they, at least, would not have been the events which followed his arrest—the 20th of June, the 10th of August, the 2d September—the execution of the King, of the Queen, and of Madame Elizabeth—the anarchy, the republic, the consulate, the empire, and the double restoration—could never have occurred: what *else* might, would be a vain and idle conjecture; but it is highly interesting to contemplate the progress of this affair, on which the destinies of the whole world hung, and to observe by what an extraordinary, by what an almost miraculous combination of petty accidents the design was defeated—and defeated only *at the moment and at the place* where the danger might have been considered, according to all calculation and reasoning, as past.

The Narrative of Madame is very characteristic; it is marked by the simplicity and *naïveté* of the age and sex of the young and inexperienced traveller; and excites our

feelings even without reference to the abstract importance of the events related.

But besides any individual interest which may belong to this work, it is curious on another account. The journey to Varennes affords an extraordinary instance of the difficulty of ascertaining historical truth, and the strongest encouragement to historical scepticism. There have been published at least nine or ten narratives by eye-witnesses of, and partakers in these transactions, viz. the Duchess herself —the two Messrs. de Bouillé—the Duke de Choiseul, and his servant James Brissac—Messrs. de Damas and Deslons, two of the officers who commanded detachments on the road—Messrs. de Moustier and Valori, the two gardes-du-corps who accompanied the King. To which may be added a detailed narrative drawn up by M. de Fontanges, Archbishop of Toulouse, who, though not himself a party to the transaction, is supposed to have written from the information of the Queen; and finally the notes which Madame Campan collected from her Majesty. All these narratives contradict each other, some on trivial and some on more essential points, but, in every case, in a wonderful and inexplicable manner.

The translator has noticed some of these variances in the following notes; but the Duchess's narrative does not involve the most important of the contradictions alluded to. They are now the subject of a somewhat polemical discussion between the Messrs. de Bouillé and the Duke of Choiseul, and create a considerable interest in Paris:—those who would go deeper into this *vexata questio* will find the materials in considerable detail in the series of Revolutionary Memoirs now in the course of publication.

NARRATIVE,

&c.

DURING the whole of the 20th of June, 1791 (1), my father and mother seemed very

(1) On the 6th Oct. 1789, the King and his family were brought by a triumphant mob from Versailles to the Tuilleries, where they were, in fact, prisoners from the first moment; but the restraint upon them became gradually more scandalous and alarming; and in the course of 1790, plans of escape were pressed upon the King, which, however, produced no result. In February, 1791, the mob made an irruption into the palace, and insulted, disarmed, and maltreated the King's attendants and several gentlemen who had come thither to pay their respects to the monarch, and the palace was, in truth, placed in a state of siege. Soon after this, the King, who had been ill, was anxious to go to St. Cloud, a country house about four miles from Paris, for quiet and change of air:

busy and much agitated, but I did not know the reason. After dinner, they sent my brother and me into another room, and shut themselves up alone with my aunt (Madame Elizabeth). I have since learned, that it was then that they communicated to my aunt their intention to escape. At five o'clock,

Easter was also approaching, and the pious Louis wished to be able to perform the religious duties of that season in tranquillity. On the evening of the 18th of April, having gotten into his carriage to proceed to St. Cloud, he was arrested by the mob, and neither the popularity nor even the military power of General La Fayette could operate his release; he was obliged to submit to this monstrous insult and cruelty. This event determined the unhappy monarch to pursue the plan which had been already in agitation for endeavouring to escape from the humiliating and alarming situation in which he and his helpless family were placed. He resolved to make his escape to Montmedi, the only asylum that he could depend upon, short of quitting France, which he was so scrupulously determined not to do, that he would not even consent to shorten the danger of his journey by crossing the frontier, though to enter France again next day.

my mother took my brother and me, with Madame de Maillé (2), her lady of honour, and Madame de Soucy (3), sub-governess, to Tivoli, M. Boutin's house (4) at the end of the Chaussée d'Antin.

"While walking there, my mother took me aside, and told me not to be alarmed, whatever might happen; that we never should be long

(2) This lady, by a strange combination of accidents, and after a woman of the name of *Maillet* had been guillotined instead of her, escaped the scaffold by the overthrow of Robespierre.

(3) Daughter of Madame de Mackau, the Princess's governess. Madame de Soucy escaped the reign of terror, and was selected to accompany the Princess on her liberation in 1795.

(4) M. Boutin was one of that class of men called, under the old *regime*, *financiers*, who indulged themselves in the most extravagant luxury of all sorts. The gardens of Tivoli, now so well known as a place of public amusement, were, before the Revolution, the residence of this gentleman, who there combined all the beauties of a town and country residence. M. Beaujon, another *financier*, had erected a paradise of the same kind in the gardens, in the *Avenue de Neuilly*, which still bear his name, and which are so remarkable for their *Montagnes Russes*.

separated, and would soon meet together again. My mind was confused, and I did not understand what she meant—she kissed me, and then told me, that if those ladies should ask me why I was so much agitated, I should tell them that she had scolded me, but that we had made it up again. At seven o'clock we came home, and I retired to my own apartment very melancholy; for I was amazed, and could not comprehend what my mother had said to me.

I was alone: my mother had arranged that Madame de Mackau (5) should go to the Convent of the Visitation, where she often went; and she had sent into the country a young person (6) who was my usual attendant. I was hardly in bed, when my mother came; she had desired me to send every body away, under pretence of being indisposed, and to

(5) The Princess's governess.

(6) This probably was Ernestine Lambriquet, an orphan whom the Queen's charity had adopted, and whom she brought up with her daughter. (See Hue's Journal, p. 189).

keep but one woman with me. My mother came and found us alone: she told this woman and me that we must set off instantly, and told us how to proceed. She told Madame Brunier (that was the name of the woman who was with me), that she certainly wished her to accompany us; but that if she had any reluctance to leave her husband (7), she might stay behind. This woman replied immediately, and without hesitation, "that "my mother did quite right to escape; that "she had borne her misery too long, and that "for her own part, she was ready to leave her "husband, and follow my mother wherever "she should go." My mother was very much affected by this expression of attachment: she then went down to her own room to receive MONSIEUR and MADAME, who had come as usual to sup with my father. MONSIEUR was acquainted (8) with the intended

(7) M. Brunier was chief physician to the Royal Children.

(8) MONSIEUR (Louis XVIII.) had planned an escape much earlier than the King, but was induced

journey; when he got home, he went to bed as usual, but he got up again immediately, and set off with M. d'Avaray, a young gentleman, who carried him through all the difficulties of his journey, and who is still with him.

As for MADAME (9), she knew nothing of the journey; it was only when she was in bed, that Madame Gourbillon, who was her reader (10), came and told her that she was

to postpone it, by representations of the danger to which it would leave the rest of the Royal Family exposed. See the following Narrative for all the details of this journey.

(9) Mary Josephine Louise of Savoy. It would seem that her easy and indolent character rendered her family unwilling to intrust her in any way in this secret, till the very moment of execution. Monsieur, as it will be seen by his own confession, chose another female confidant. Mary of Savoy died at Hartwell, 13 November, 1810.

(10) It may be as well to remark, that all the Princesses of France had an attendant called *lectrices, readers*. Madame Campan came into the royal household as reader to the daughters of Louis XV. Madame de Staël was the reader of the Duchess du Maine.

desired by the Queen and MONSIEUR to assist her in escaping out of France.

MONSIEUR and MADAME met at a *poste*(1) on the road; but they took care not to show that they knew one another, and they arrived safely at Brussels.

My brother was wakened by my mother, and Madame de Tourzel (2) brought him down to my mother's apartment, where I

(1) Le Bourget; the first *poste* on the road to Flanders. This incident appears in the Narrative of Louis XVIII.

(2) Madame de Tourzel was the governess of the Children of France, and a most amiable and respectable woman; but a generous anxiety on her part to accompany the Royal Family had a considerable share in defeating the enterprise. It had been settled by those who knew the King's reserve, indecision, and inexperience of travelling, that some one capable of acting and commanding along the road should accompany him, and the Count (Annibal) d'Agoult was fixed upon, as *un homme de tête*, who could give directions, and who would overcome trifling difficulties. M. d'Agoult would not have been stopped at Varennes!—but Madame de Tourzel claimed, as the *right* of her office, to accompany the Children; and

also came: there we found one of the body-guard, called Monsieur de Malden (3), who was to assist our departure. My mother came in and out several times to see us. They dressed my brother as a little girl: he looked beautiful, but was so sleepy, that he could not stand, and did not know what we were all about. I asked him what he thought we were going to do; he answered, "I suppose to act a play, since we have all got these odd dresses."

At half-past ten, when we were all ready,

to this *etiquette* were sacrificed the important reasons that weighed for M. d'Agoult.

(3) Three of the gentlemen of the late body-guard had been selected by M. d'Agoult for this interesting duty: M. M. de Valori, de Moustier, and de Malden. Of M. de Valori, who has published an account of the journey, some notice will be found hereafter. The two latter gentlemen are said to be still alive, and in the service of Russia. It seems very surprising that they should receive from a foreign power the reward of their fidelity to the brother of Louis XVIII. M. de Moustier also published, in 1816, a narrative of his share in this affair.

my mother (4) herself conducted us to the carriage in the middle of the court (5); which was exposing herself to great risk. Madame de Tourzel, my brother, and I got into the carriage; M. de Fersen (6) was the coachman.

(4) It seems strange that Madame should be mistaken in so remarkable a fact, and one on which she reasons, yet, *all* the other evidence goes to show that the Queen did *not* conduct the Children to the carriage. We should not have a moment's hesitation in preferring the testimony of Madame to all the rest, but that it seems contradicted by that of *the Queen herself*—who on her trial distinctly stated, "*that her children, under the care of Madame de Tourzel, left the chateau an hour before her, and waited for her on the Little Carousel.*" The Archbishop of Toulouse states that Madame Elizabeth accompanied the Children in the first instance. This is certainly a mistake.

(5) Here again is another variance in the evidence. All the other persons state that the carriage was waiting in the Great Carousel, and it certainly seems rather imprudent to have brought it into the very court of the Tuilleries.

(6) A young Swedish nobleman in the French service, much in the Queen's society and confidence, which latter he justified by his prudence and firmness. The Duc de Levis, in his "Souvenirs," expresses a generous envy that a *foreigner* was em-

To deceive any one that might follow us, we drove about several streets; at last we re-

ployed on this interesting occasion; and a foreigner, too, "who had more judgment than wit; who was "cautious with men, reserved towards women; seri- "ous, but not sad: whose air and figure were those "of a hero of romance; but not of a French romance, "for he was not sufficiently light and brilliant." With submission to M. de Levis, it seems that M. de Fersen's character was exactly suited to this occasion, in which levity and brilliancy would have been misplaced. M. de Fersen's fate is most extraordinary: having escaped the horrors of the French Revolution, he was murdered in Stockholm, in 1810, at the funeral of the Prince Royal, Charles Augustus, with circumstances of ferocity and cruelty on the part of the mob, and of apathy or cowardice on the part of the magistrates, quite worthy of the capital of France. The pretence of this murder was, that Fersen (who as grand marshal of the kingdom was leading the funeral) had been accessary to the death of the Prince, whose death was probably natural. He was dragged from a guard-house, where he had taken refuge at the beginning of the tumult, and before the eyes of the troops and magistrates, who did not make the slightest effort to save him, *beaten to death* with *umbrellas;* and this happened on the 20th of June, the very anniversary of his rescue of the King of France. The body was afterwards most indecently maltreated, *à la mode de Paris.*

turned to the Little Carousel (7), which is close to the Tuilleries. My brother was fast asleep in the bottom of the carriage, under the petticoats of Madame de Tourzel. We saw M. de la Fayette go by (8), who had been at my father's *coucher*. There we remained waiting a full hour, ignorant of what was going on: never did time appear so tedious!

(7) The majority of the accounts agree with Madame in placing the carriage on the *Little* Carousel, at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle; the others, on the Great Carousel, at the corner of the Rue de St. Nicaise. See the plan, which, on account of the great changes made in this part of the town, it has been thought advisable to prefix to this volume.

(8) La Fayette's carriage drove through the court as the Queen was crossing it; it passed so near her, says *one* account, that by an impulse, for which she could not account, she made an effort to touch it with a switch which she carried in her hand.—Its very lights, says *another* account, so alarmed her, that she fled to a considerable distance to avoid them. These statements cannot be reconciled, and even that of Madame is not easily to be explained; for M. de la Fayette came and went out by the arcades and the Cour Royale; and therefore, as the *local* then stood, not within sight or hearing of persons standing at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle.

Madame de Tourzel was to travel under the name of the Baroness de Korff(9): my brother and I were to be her two daughters, under the names of Amelia and Aglaë; my mother was to be Madame Rocher(1), our governess; my aunt a female companion, called Rosalie: and my father was to be our valet-de-chambre, under the name of Durand.

At last, after waiting a long hour(2), I observed a woman loitering about the carriage. I was afraid that we should be discovered; but I was made easy by seeing our coachman

(9) This was not a fictitious name. There was really a Russian lady of quality of this name about to leave Paris, and Count Fersen obtained a duplicate of her passport.

(1) It is curious that the assumed name of the Queen was, in fact, the real name of a person who was afterwards one of her greatest persecutors; and *that* taken by the King was that of one of his Conventional judges.

(2) *This* delay was always calculated upon. The Children went off about half-past ten—their parents did not intend to follow till half-past eleven. But an *unexpected* delay occurred, as it is said, afterwards.

open the carriage-door, and that the woman was my aunt; she had escaped alone with one of her own attendants (3). In stepping into the carriage she trod on my brother, who was lying in the bottom of it, and he had the courage not to cry out.

My aunt told us that all was quiet, and that my father and mother would be with us presently. My father, indeed, arrived very soon after, and then my mother (4), with one

(3) The other accounts state, that the person who attended Madame Elizabeth was not one of her own household, but M. de Malden. Madame is, however, likely to be right, as M. de Choiseul (who had his information on this part of the expedition from the relation of the Royal Family) states Madame Elizabeth to have been attended by M. de St. Pardoux. It is singular, however, that this gentleman should have been unnecessarily, as it would seem, admitted to a secret otherwise so strictly kept. M. de St. Pardoux is now one of the King's honorary equerries.

(4) In this point occurs one of the greatest difficulties of the whole narrative. The delay of the departure was a main cause of the failure; and the majority of the statements concur in attributing to this period of the transaction a delay of an hour. The archbishop, whose account seems derived from the

of the body-guards who was to accompany us.

Queen, and is on the whole the best (though probably erroneous in this point), states, as to the Queen's escape, "that all went well as far as the great gate of the Cour "Royal, but at that spot, she *meets* the carriage of "M. de la Fayette, with his usual accompaniments "of guards and torches. After escaping this danger, "she told the garde-du-corps, on whom she was "leaning, to conduct her to the Little Carousel, "corner of the Rue de l'Echelle, that is about two "hundred paces from where she stood; her guide "knew, it seems, less of the topography of Paris than "she herself did, and it was too dangerous to ask "their way in that neighbourhood; they turned to "the right instead of the left, as they ought to have "done, and passing the southern arcade of the Louvre, "crossed the Pont Royal, and found themselves be-"wildered along the quays and streets at the other "side of the water: they were obliged at last to ask "their way. A centinel on the bridge directed them, "and they were obliged to return the way they came, "and pass along the front of the Tuilleries to the "Rue de l'Echelle."

Now it seems incredible that the Queen, and still more that the garde-du-corps, should not have known the Little Carousel, which was close under the windows of the Palace, and not above two hundred yards from the Great Carousel, on which they were standing. It is still less credible that they should

We then proceeded, and reached the barrier without any event: there a travelling-car-

have turned *to* the right by mistake, for they had just come *from* that side. But it seems nearly impossible, that under any delusion, they should pass through the wicket, and under the arcade, and across the quay, and over the bridge, and finally lose their way on the other side of the river; but what adds to the wonder of all this is, that M. De Moustier, the garde-du-corps, who is stated by his colleague, M. de Valori, to have accompanied the Queen, denies that he so accompanied her, and says, in *his* relation, "that "the same garde-du-corps who attended Madame "Elizabeth (*viz.* M. de Malden), also returned *twice* "*over* to fetch the King, and at last, the Queen;" and that the Queen and M. de Malden lost their way. In part of this M. de Moustier *must* be mistaken; because M. de Valori states, that he himself accompanied the King, and although he may be in error as to which of the two others conducted the Queen, he knew at least what he himself did; and allowing an equal confidence to M. de Moustier, we are obliged to suppose that M. de Malden (who has not published any account of the affair) attended the Queen: but in any case, what shall we say of the supposed ignorance of the streets and the crossing the river, to which the archbishop and M. de Moustier attribute the loss of near an hour; a loss which

riage had been prepared for us; but M. de Fersen did not know where it was, so that we were obliged to wait a long while, and my father (5) even got out to look for it, which alarmed us very much: at last M. de Fersen found the other carriage, and we got into it. M. de Fersen took leave of my father, and made his escape.

The three gentlemen of the body-guard were Messieurs de Malden, De Moustier,

turned out to be the loss of the whole enterprise? It seems most probable that all this story of the Queen's losing her way is an exaggeration of the few steps she took to avoid La Fayette, and that she, in fact, as Madame implies, and as M. de Choiseul asserts, was but a few minutes after the King.

(5) This additional cause of delay is not mentioned in any other account; but it is stated in some, that M. de Fersen was so ignorant of the streets of Paris, as not to know the direct way from the Tuilleries to the Porte St. Martin; and that he lost half an hour by taking the circuitous route of the Boulevard. This seems a mistake—M. de Fersen appears to have taken the way by the Boulevard on calculation, and not through ignorance. His whole conduct was marked by firmness and sagacity.

and Valori (6): the last acted as the courier, the other two as servants, one on horseback, and the other on the front of the carriage. They had taken false names: the first was called St. John; the second, Melchior; the last, Francis (7). The two waiting women, who had set off long before us, met us at Bondy (8) in a little carriage, and we all

(6) Francis-Florent, Comte de Valori, was born at Toul in 1763. He had distinguished himself in the defence of the royal apartments at Versailles, on the 6th Oct. 1789: and though the gardes-du-corps were dissolved after that event, he still continued his duty to the King, and had the honour to be selected for this interesting service. After the return from Varennes, the King had great difficulty in saving his life, and he commanded him to emigrate. M. de Valori then entered the service of Prussia; in 1814, he returned with Louis XVIII., and was appointed an officer in the revived companies of the gardes-du-corps. During the 100 days, still faithful to his duty, he accompanied the King to Ghent; and at the second restoration, received the doubtful honour of the cross of the Legion. He died in April, 1822.

(7) It seems, from M. de Valori's account, that these were the Christian names of these gentlemen.

(8) The first *poste* out of Paris, distant about eight miles. The two women were Madame Neuville, the

proceeded on our journey, day beginning to dawn.

During the morning nothing particular occurred, except that about ten leagues from Paris, we observed a man on horseback, who seemed to follow the carriage: at Etoges, we thought we were known. At four o'clock we passed through Chalons-sur-Marne (9), a large town; there we were certainly known. Several persons thanked God for the pleasure of having seen the King, and expressed their anxiety for his escape (1).

Dauphin's first attendant, and Madame Brunier, already mentioned.

(9) The Queen had herself undertaken to arrange the preparations for the journey as far as Chalons—by much the most perilous part of the way—and we see that she succeeded perfectly. The troops advanced by M. de Bouillé as far as the post next Chalons created, wherever they appeared, uneasiness and commotion.

(1) We believe that Madame is mistaken in thinking that the King was generally recognised at Chalons, and that she confounds what really occurred here with an incident which she erroneously attributes to Clermont, namely, that a person approached the car-

At the next post (2) to Chalons, we were to find some cavalry to escort the carriage to

riage, and told the King he was betrayed. This event all the other accounts concur in placing at Chalons. What misled Madame was, perhaps, that at Clermont M. Charles de Damas took an opportunity to approach the King's carriage, and exchanged a few words with his Majesty; and this conversation she may have confounded with what happened at the preceding stage.

(2) Pont de Sommevelle; the troops here were under the orders of the Duke de Choiseul, and a M. de Goguelat, but the complicated delays which made the King some hours too late, and the rising impatience of the populace, induced these gentlemen to leave their post. This was always severely reproached to the Duke, under whose orders Goguelat was, and is at this moment the subject of a warm discussion between him and the sons and grandson of M. de Bouillé. On an impartial review of the whole matter, we think the Duke retreated too hastily; and that he ought, at least, to have left some one behind to tell whither he had gone. In his defence, lately published, he shows very clearly, not only that his absence did not occasion any delay to the King, but that his presence might have excited suspicion, and that in fact the King got through every where rather *in spite of* than *by* the precautions taken. All this is true, so far as relates to the par-

Montmedi; but when we arrived, we found nobody. We waited in the hopes of finding these troops until eight o'clock (3).

ticular post of Pont de Sommevelle; but if M. de Choiseul had waited a little longer, he would have seen the King pass, and his Majesty would have been informed of the spot where M. de Goguelat had placed the relay of Varennes—the ignorance of which was the immediate cause of failure. And even if any untoward event had occurred, by marching a short distance in the rear of the royal carriage, as he was ordered to do, M. de Choiseul would, by the time he had arrived at Varennes, have collected a force that would have enabled him to overcome all opposition. Madame Campan tells us, that the Queen attributed the failure to M. de Goguelat; and no doubt he was the person who, having placed the relay at Varennes, should have taken especial care to let the travellers know where to find it: but as Messrs. de Bouillé very well observe, he was a junior officer to the Duke de Choiseul, and the latter is therefore wholly irresponsible for his error. It is impossible to read the account of this journey without wondering at the extraordinary combination of circumstances, which, after a beginning apparently so prosperous, defeated the King's attempt at the very moment when its success might be considered as complete.

(3) This delay at Pont de Sommevelle is not stated

At the close of the day we passed through Clermont: there, indeed, there were troops; but the village was in a state of commotion, and they would not suffer the cavalry to march. An officer recognized my father, and coming close to the carriage, whispered to him that he was betrayed. Here we also saw M. de Charles Damas (4), but he could do nothing for us.

We, however, continued our journey: night was come on, and, notwithstanding all our agitation and anxiety, every one in the carriage fell asleep. We were awakened by a dreadful jolt, and at the same moment they came to tell us, that they did not know what

in any other of the accounts as being considerable. The King was undoubtedly much disturbed at not meeting the troops here; and his anxiety on this point led him, as we are told, to expose his person subsequently.

(4) The state of excitement of the whole population of the country was so great, that the presence of troops every where created instead of preventing tumult; and M. de Damas, after a long and painful struggle, was obliged to escape *alone* to Varennes.

had become of the courier who preceded (5) the carriage: judge of our terror, we thought we were discovered and taken. We were now at the entrance of the village of Varennes, which contains scarce a hundred houses (6); there is in this place no regular post (7), and

(5) The inexperience of the gardes-du-corps in the office of couriers and postillions was—notwithstanding their exemplary zeal and fidelity—one of the many unfortunate circumstances, the combination of which defeated the enterprise: had they had the habits and experience of couriers, they might have prevented the difficulty which occurred at Varennes; but, on the contrary, their ignorance of the duties of their apparent station excited suspicion in more places than one, and particularly at St. Menehoud, where the royal fugitives narrowly escaped arrest.

(6) It now contains about fifteen hundred inhabitants.

(7) The travellers might now have thought themselves out of all danger—they were within reach of M. de Bouillé's army—they had no postmaster to fear—no difficulty in getting horses to apprehend, for their own horses were ready for them—it was late at night—the whole village was asleep—strong detachments of troops were placed in advance, and others were following them; interruption seemed impossible; yet *here*, in the only spot of the whole road where

travellers generally have horses sent from the next post in advance. They had taken

no danger was to be expected, they were arrested, and the destinies of the world changed. At this post M. de Bouillé had placed his own younger son with two other officers:—these young men acted with strange heedlessness, if not with absolute negligence. The misplacing the relay of horses, and the stationing the troops on the wrong side of the town, may be attributed to M. de Goguelat; but the personal conduct of the three young officers was, as appears to us, extremely reprehensible. They made in their defence the same excuse that M. de Choiseul had done, and to which M. de Damas's peril gives some validity, namely, the jealousy and bad spirit of the villages, to appease which they thought it right to remain concealed within their quarters. They say, also, that the horses for the relay were stationed at the spot of which the officers at Pont de Sommevelle were to have apprised the travellers. This is true, and makes the proceedings at Sommevelle more lamentable; but what excuse can be made for not leaving some one at the entrance of Varennes to watch the King's arrival and guide him to the relay? All the accounts represent the whole town as buried in sleep, so much so that the courier, and even the King and Queen, were obliged to go from house to house knocking up the inhabitants to inquire for their horses: in the

this precaution for us, but the horses had been unfortunately placed near the castle, at

meanwhile Drouet arrives by a cross road from St. Menehoud, alarms the town, assembles the magistrates, takes measures for obstructing the passage of the bridge, and, finally, arrests the carriage. In all these proceedings he was assisted by one *Billaud*, afterwards so remarkable in the Convention for his ferocity, and who called himself *de Varennes* from this his native town. One would have thought it impossible, that all this could have been done without the knowledge of troops and postillions stationed close by for a particular purpose; but so it was: and it was not till the whole town was alarmed and illuminated that the Chevalier de Bouillé and M. de Raigecourt awoke, either from sleep or apathy, and, instead of making the slightest attempt with sixty hussars to relieve the King, rode away to tell the Marquis de Bouillé that all was lost; and M. de Rodwick, a young sub-lieutenant, who had the immediate command of the dragoons, also rode off. Ill news, they say, flies fast—it did not, however, in this case; for, though the distance was only eight or nine leagues, these gentlemen were four hours and a half in reaching the Marquis's head-quarters at Stenay. It would have been natural that on so important an occasion *he* should have been on the alert; it was, however, an hour, *i. e.* five in the morning before he

the other side of the river, and at the other end of the town, and no one with us knew where to find them.

At last our courier came back, bringing with him a man (8) whom he believed to be in the secret, but who, I suppose, was a spy of

marched with a regiment of cavalry, and he arrived in front of Varennes about nine; an hour and a half after the King's departure for Paris.

(8) This was a Major de Prefontaine, whose house was on the road side, at the entrance of the town, and whom the travellers knocked up to inquire for the horses which were to have stood opposite his house. The poor man seems to have been quite bewildered, and to have conducted himself with equivocation, timidity, and lukewarmness; but there is no reason to imagine that he had any thing to do with La Fayette. Indeed, except apprizing the travellers that there was a *ford* by which they might avoid the bridge, it is hard to see what Prefontaine could have done; and at the time he saw the King the bridge was not yet barricaded. On the subject of the transaction with M. de Prefontaine, the accounts of the archbishop and of the two gardes-du-corps differ in several curious and important particulars. Numerous accidents, as we have shown, combined to produce the fatal results; but the direct and immediate cause was,

Fayette's; he came to the carriage-door in a nightcap and bedgown. He almost threw himself into the carriage, and told us that he had a great secret, but that he would not tell it. Madame de Tourzel asked him, if he knew Madame de Korff; he answered, No! And from that moment I never again saw or heard of this person.

After a great deal of trouble, the postillions were persuaded that the horses were waiting at the castle, and they proceeded that way, but slowly. When we got into the village, we heard alarming shouts of stop! stop! The postillions were seized, and in a moment the carriage was surrounded by a great crowd,

the not knowing where to find the relay at Varennes; for it was during the time lost in seeking the horses that Drouet arrived and alarmed the town. This mischief was caused, first, by the Duke de Choiseul's and M. de Goguelat's quitting the post of Pont de Sommevelle without leaving any one to apprize the King; and by M. M. de Bouillé, junr. Raigecourt, and Rodwick, not having any one on the look out at Varennes.

some with arms, and some with lights. They asked who we were; we answered, Madame de Korff and her family. They thrust their lights into the carriage, close to my father's(9)

(9) His Majesty's anxiety had made him expose his countenance at St. Menehoud, where he made some indiscreet inquiries as to the road; he was by these means recognised by Drouet, who had seen him at the Federation, and had happened that very morning to receive from Paris some new *assignats* on which the king's head was very well engraved. A short sketch of this man's extraordinary history will not displease the reader. He was the son of the post-master at St. Menehoud, and was born in 1757. The celebrity he obtained by the arrest of the Royal Family ensured his election to the Convention next year, where he voted for the death of the King; and, *even in that assembly*, distinguished himself for the vulgarity of his manners, and the atrocity of his disposition. It was he who gravely proposed to put to death every native of England who might happen to be in France: this perhaps gave Buonaparte the mitigated idea of putting them all into prison. In 1793, he was sent as commissioner, with pro-consular powers, to the army of the North, where he happened himself to be made prisoner by the Austrians, as he was endeavouring to escape from Maubeuge; and,

face, and insisted upon our alighting: we answered, that we would not; that we were

by a still more curious retribution, he was afterwards exchanged for the Duchess of Angouleme, whom he had himself arrested. After his return, he distinguished himself in the desperate party called *Robespierre's tail*, and was imprisoned for his share in Babœuf's conspiracy. As he owed his fortune to having prevented the King's *escape*, he owed his life to succeeding in his own. He *escaped* the guillotine by *escaping* from prison, and after some desperate attempts with his faction, he was finally glad to *escape* to Switzerland, hidden under some straw in a milkman's cart: hence, he projected *an escape* to India, but got no farther than Teneriffe, where he was present at Lord Nelson's attack, and taken prisoner. In 1797, he was acquitted, by a mock trial, for his share in Babœuf's conspiracy, and he returned to France, where the Directory appointed him sub-prefect of St. Menehoud. Buonaparte continued him in this office, and, with a discernment which belonged to him, distinguished Drouet with marks of imperial favour. On the restoration in 1814, the Bourbons, who, we are told, forgot nothing and forgave nothing, inflicted no other vengeance on this execrable wretch, than removing him from the office for which his ignorance as well as his villany disqualified him so completely, that even Buonaparte, on his return, did

common travellers, and had a right to get on: they repeated their orders to alight on pain of being put to death, and at that moment, all their guns were levelled at the carriage. We then alighted, and in crossing the street, six mounted dragoons passed us, but unfortunately they had no officer with them; if there had been, six resolute men (1)

not venture to restore him; but such lenity was thrown away upon Drouet: he procured himself to be elected into Buonaparte's chamber for the department of the Meuse, a pretty pregnant proof of the excellent composition of that chamber. Waterloo dissolved the chamber, and the King's ordonnance, which banished (not the *regicides*; but) *such* regicides as, ungrateful for former bounty, had again taken part with Buonaparte, relieved France from the presence of the most odious, and at the same time, the most contemptible of the revolutionists.—It is not known what has become of him.

(1) The Chevalier de Bouillé, M. de Raigecourt, and M. de Rodwick, had sixty dragoons; the Duke de Choiseul should have had twice as many. Another detachment, under M. Deslons, arrived from the opposite quarter before the King was removed; but the surprise, the difficulties, the tremendous importance

would have intimidated them all, and might have saved the King.

of the crisis, distracted and paralyzed the minds of every one; and it must, in justice to all the officers engaged in the affair at this critical moment, be confessed, that the irresolution and timidity of the King himself almost, if not entirely, justified their conduct. Even the high spirit of the Queen herself seems to have failed before the *strenua inertia* of the King. No one present except Louis had any right to command; and Louis's only orders were, to do nothing. In the mean while arrived an aide-du-camp of La Fayette with an order for the King's arrest. This officer M. de Choiseul's party should have intercepted; his coming accelerated the removal of the King, who was an hour and a half on the road to Paris before M. de Bouillé and his advanced guard arrived at Varennes.

It was then too late to attempt a pursuit, and the captivity of the unfortunate monarch was irrevocably accomplished.

We shall conclude by stating, that such a series of fatal accidents, all tending to one point, cannot, we believe, be paralleled in the history of unfortunate princes.

NARRATIVE

OF

A JOURNEY

TO

BRUXELLES AND COBLENTZ.

BY

MONSIEUR, NOW LOUIS XVIII.

NOTICE.

The authenticity of the following Memoir is undoubted. It was written soon after the event—certainly before the death of the writer's nephew, Louis XVII. It has been lately published from the King's own manuscript, and we have been informed that his Majesty even corrected the press. It is therefore a literary curiosity; but it was expected that it would be something better. The King in early life had a kind of literary character: one or two little theatrical pieces were attributed to his pen; and he was considered to be even a *puriste* in the niceties of the French language. The present work seems to have destroyed that reputation; and the French critics go so far as to say, that the language is in many places vulgarly ungrammatical. On this point the translator does not presume to be a judge; but he must admit, that the work does not place his Most Christian Majesty very high in the list of royal authors, as the style is bad, the observations often puerile, and the sentiments far from noble; but it must also be allowed, that it has a certain degree of interest; and as no inconsiderable share of French politics has, since the Restoration, hinged on the personal character of the monarch, it is not unimportant to trace in this Narrative the course of his feelings and the turn of his mind.

TO

ANTOINE LOUIS FRANCOIS D'AVARAY*,

HIS DELIVERER,

LOUIS STANISLAS XAVIER OF FRANCE,

FULL OF GRATITUDE——HEALTH.

I AM aware, my dear friend, that you are employed in writing the circum-

* A. L. F. De Besiade, Count d'Avaray, eldest son of the Marquis d'Avaray who was before the Revolution, and is still, what we call Groom of the Stole. The Count d'Avaray was born in 1759, and served at the siege of Gibraltar; after which he became Colonel of the Regiment de Boulonnais. In the latter part of 1788 he visited England, and resided for some months in Kensington, to acquire our language—a circumstance which was useful to him in the most important incident of his life—that which obtained him the honour of this dedication.

stances which preceded and accompanied the moment of my deliverance; no one is better qualified than you to give celebrity to your work, and yet I wish also to attempt it. It is possible that your modesty may prevent your doing yourself the justice you deserve;

Monsieur, on assuming the title of Louis XVIII., made M. d'Avaray Captain of his Guards, and gave him the arms of France, to be borne as an honourable augmentation to his own, with the date of the King's escape as a motto. In 1799 he received, what at that time must have appeared, the empty honour of being created a Duke. M. d'Avaray followed the fortunes of the exiled monarch into Italy, Germany, Russia, Poland, and finally into England. He had the entire possession of his private confidence, and the greatest share in his political concerns. Being seriously attacked by consumption (a disease to which it appears from the following pages he was early subject) he was advised to try a voyage to Madeira: an expedient which failed in this case, as it generally does, and M. d'Avaray died there in 1811. His father has been created a Duke and peer of France: his next brother is now Count d'Avaray.

and I feel it to be a duty, as well as a pleasure, to guard against that result. I should be ungrateful were I to suffer that any one in the world—even yourself—should dare to rob my deliverer of the least particle of the glory which is due to him. It is for this purpose, rather than to recall to my recollection events which I never can forget, that I write this narrative. Receive it, I beg of you, as a pledge of my tenderest friendship—as a monument of my gratitude. May it serve to acquit me of some part of the debt towards you, which I have felt so much pleasure in contracting, and which I shall feel still more pleasure in for ever acknowledging.

NARRATIVE,

&c. &c.

Teucro duce et auspice Teucro!

Reports spread in November, 1790, of the intended escape of the King, had induced me to think of mine. I determined on opening my design to Peronnet (1), at that time employed in my wardrobe, because he was the person who would be most naturally employed in making the necessary preparations; and that I was, even then, as convinced of his fidelity, as I am now after his faithful service. These reports ceased, and we naturally put off our project to a more favourable opportunity. I

(1) M. Peronnet is still about the King's person.

mentioned it to the Queen, who assured me that neither she nor the King had given any grounds for such a rumour; but she added that sooner or later there was every appearance of their being driven to this extremity, and she promised to give me timely notice; but she, at the same time, advised me to be always ready for the event.

The persecution (2) which was excited against the King on the approaching Easter, in 1791, and the resolution which it forced upon him, convinced me that I had no choice between apostasy and martyrdom; the former revolted me, and I will own that I felt no great vocation for the latter. I talked a good deal with Madame de Balbi (3) on this sub-

(2) The persecution here alluded to was the efforts made to prevent the Royal Family from performing their religious duties, unless they would accept the assistance of what were called the constitutional clergy, which they conscientiously declined, considering these men as apostates.

(3) Mademoiselle Caumont de la Force, married, in 1770, to the Count de Balbi, a Genoese nobleman,

ject, and we agreed that there was a third course open to me, which was, to abandon a country where the usual exercise of our religious duties was about to be proscribed.

settled in France. On the marriage of MONSIEUR to Mary of Savoy, Madame de Balbi was appointed her *dame d'atours*. Soon after this, a separation took place between her and her husband, in consequence, it is said, of mental derangement in the latter. Madame de Balbi (as indeed the text implies) was high in the confidence and good graces of Monsieur; and she accompanied him in his exile, until the recall of the emigrants under Bonaparte, when she returned to France; but, very much to her credit, was so little in favour with the imperial court, as to be exiled to Montauban. On the restoration she returned to Paris, where she was still residing within the last year or two. It would seem as if the return to France was either the cause or the consequence of some coolness between her and her royal friend. The mention of Madame de Balbi in this place has revived a good deal of scandal in Paris; and one cannot but smile at the simplicity with which the Prince confesses, that though he would not accept the mass from the hands of a constitutional priest, he *consulted Madame de Balbi on the spiritual concerns of his conscience.*

The matter pressed in point of time; it was Good Friday—and Easter Sunday was the fatal day. We agreed that MADAME, Madame de Balbi, *another person*, and myself, should escape that very night in Madame de Balbi's carriage.

It will easily be believed, that I had not now first thought of who the *fourth* person should be; and my first thoughts had been directed to d'Avaray (4), of whom I was as sure as of myself; but happy in the midst of a family which adored him, his escape seemed as difficult to effect as my own. Besides (and this was my chief motive for making other choice) the delicacy of his health made me fearful that he would be incapable of bearing the fatigues of such an attempt. I then thought of ———, but why name him? If

(4) Young d'Avaray was connected with MONSIEUR's court by having obtained the reversion of his father's office—his third brother, the present Count, was one of Monsieur's body-guard.

this narrative meets his eyes, he will see that his refusal (which arose from reasons which I am bound in justice to say were well founded) has not made me forget twenty preceding years of friendship.

I went to the Tuilleries, to acquaint the King and Queen with my intention; leaving Madame de Balbi a kind of letter of credential, to be given to ———. Occupied as they, even then, were about plans for their own escape (5)—which however they had not communicated to me, nor indeed otherwise opened

(5) The very difficulties which impeded the King's escape were a sufficient justification of the measure—he was a prisoner who was compelled to declare that he was free. At the very height of the persecution and duress which he suffered, the National Assembly forced this weak prince to write the celebrated circular letter of the 23d April, in which he ordered his ambassadors to assure the several powers, that he was *at full liberty*. This letter was probably proposed to him, because it implied a personal pledge not to attempt to escape from such perfect freedom; and it was probably only to conceal his intentions that Louis was induced to sign so flagrant a falsehood.

themselves, except to ask me for some materials (which were not afterwards employed) for the *Declaration* which the King published on his departure,—they feared that my escape at this moment might impede theirs, and they endeavoured to dissuade me from it. My judgment was not shaken by their arguments, but my heart sympathised with theirs, and I yielded.

In the mean while Madame de Balbi having received a refusal from the person in question, was in a most cruel embarrassment, when Providence (for I would venture to defy the most obstinate infidel to attribute it to chance) (6), conducted d'Avaray to her. He had long entertained a desire to serve me as he has done. He had often, though with great modesty, intimated that wish to Madame de Balbi, whom he frequently

(6) With all deference to his Majesty, we cannot approve such an assertion as this, which seems to us an indecorous reference to Providence on a small and trivial occasion.

visited; but he now came at an unusual hour, and I can only attribute to Providence his having come that day and that moment, when his presence was absolutely necessary to us. She did not hesitate to make him the proposal; and although it was no agreeable task to be, as it were, the mere mechanical agent of a plan which he had not arranged, and although he had not time to take the smallest measure of preparation either for me or himself, he did not hesitate a moment in accepting it: the only regret he felt was, that I had first chosen another than he. He hastened immediately to collect for me every thing which the shortness of the time permitted him to collect; but when he returned to the Luxembourg (7) the intention had been already abandoned: it was only on my arrival

(7) A palace (now appropriated to the peers of France) built by Mary de Medicis, in 1615, on the site of a house belonging to the family of Luxembourg. It became the town residence of MONSIEUR when the Royal Family were forced into Paris.

there that I learned the refusal and the acceptance which had taken place in my absence. The first astonished me, and might have affected me if I had been less grateful for the second. I felt, however, embarrassed for a moment in seeing d'Avaray; but his friendship for me, and the pleasure which he felt in giving me so striking a proof of it was so well expressed in all he said, that I soon forgot the injustice which I had done him in restraining my first impulse.

Before I proceed further with this narrative, I ought to anticipate an objection which my readers may make. How is it possible, they may say, that knowing as I did the numerous ties which d'Avaray was about to break for me (8), I never expressed to him any

(8) This seems overstated. M. d'Avaray does not appear to have been married: he was a young officer of MONSIEUR's household, and it does not seem any violent exertion of generosity to have accompanied his royal friend—the majority of the French *noblesse* emigrated with much less inducement.

sense of this generosity; and that in the whole course of my narrative, I speak of his satisfaction and his joy, as if they were unmixed with any portion of regret? But before I am judged, I would request the reader to put himself in my situation. My captivity had become so intolerable, that I was absorbed by one passion—the desire of liberty: I thought but of it; and I saw every object through the prism, if I may use such an expression, which this anxiety placed before my eyes. Those who have suffered the torments of such a situation, or who can understand from the statements of others the irksomeness of captivity, will excuse me, at least, if they do not entirely acquit me. Such I know was d'Avaray's feeling—the tenderness of his friendship convinces me of it; and if I describe his feelings as being different from what they really were, it is only because I describe them not as they were, but as he permitted me to see them.

We nevertheless did not give over our

project altogether; but, having some time before us, we reconsidered it better, and we soon saw that it was defective in several points, and particularly on the intention of escaping altogether; and it was resolved, upon d'Avaray's advice, that we should separate. He engaged to provide a conveyance for him and me. He also undertook to provide the necessary disguise for me; but as he alone could not suffice for all that was to be done, he asked me whether there was no one whom I could select to help him. I mentioned Peronnet, and proposed, as I had done in the November preceding, to admit him into our confidence. *That* he would not consent to; and he only employed Peronnet in some indifferent affairs, and some details about my clothes, reserving his further communications for a future period, according to the degree of confidence he might appear to deserve.

On the other hand, things occurred which gave us much uneasiness. Whether our in-

tention had got wind, or whether our gaolors had spontaneously become more jealous, we remarked that we were watched with more than ordinary care; and that M. de Romeuf (9), aide-de-camp to M. de la Fayette, came frequently to parade the courts of the Luxembourg. We learned also that the town of Valenciennes—through which we reckoned on passing, and which till then had been one of the most quiet in France—was wholly changed; that they stopped and exa-

(9) The same aide-de-camp whom La Fayette despatched to Varennes after the King, and who, in his efforts to get the Royal Family and their attendants conveyed out of that town without insult, was confounded with them by the infuriated mob, was insulted, beaten, wounded, and dragged to prison, where he remained for several days, till a decree of the National Assembly released him. He followed La Fayette into Germany, but soon returned, and attached himself to Murat, whose aide-de-camp he remained up to the restoration. He is still alive, a general officer, knight of St. Louis, and of the Legion of Honour, not only unmolested, but even advanced, under "those Bourbons who can neither *forgive* "nor *forget*.

mined very narrowly all travellers, and that some had even been ill used.

Seeing, on our first inspection, that it would be difficult to escape from Madame de Balbi's (1), as we had first projected, she endeavoured, but without success, to obtain a country house in the neighbourhood of Paris. Madame de Maurepas refused to lend her Madrid (2). M. d'Etioles, who had at first a mind to hire his house at Neuilly, retracted. My Lady Kerry took it into her head to hire Madame de Bouffler's villa at Auteuil (3); and

(1) Madame de Balbi had, in right of her place in Madame's family, an apartment in the Luxembourg.

(2) A château in the Bois de Boulogne, built by Francis I., was so called in memory of his captivity at Madrid; but I believe the villa here alluded to was built by M. de Maurepas, in the neighbourhood of the old château, and is what is now called Madrid-Maurepas.

(3) The villa that the readers of Grimm will recollect as having been the occasion of an application of some verses of Racine, which, not knowing their author, the society of the Duchess de Polignac pronounced to be execrable.

the Count d'Artois' men-of-business refused to lend Bagatelle (4) without his distinct permission, or that, at least, of M. de Bonnière's (5), who at that moment happened to have followed the Count to Ulm. All these disappointments embarrassed us. In the mean while Madame de Balbi had had the precaution to provide herself (for any occasion which might arise) of a regular passport for Spa; and in the supposition that the moment was at hand, she had thought of borrowing the house of M. de Fontette, which looks in the garden of the Luxembourg, and through which

(4) A little villa of the Count d'Artois in the Bois de Boulogne, near the Seine; it well deserved the inscription which his Royal Highness placed on the façade, "Parva sed apta." After the restoration, the Count d'Artois gave it to the Duke de Berri.

(5) An advocate of Orleans, who became the legal adviser and superintendant of the household of the Count d'Artois. He returned from the temporary emigration mentioned in the text, and was in 1796 elected one of the council of 500. He did not, it is said, abandon his royalist principles; and he died, much regretted, in 1801.

we might easily escape without observation. She received, about the end of May, a summons to Bruxelles on particular business. The Queen, of whom I had asked whether she would give Madame de Balbi any commission for M. de Mercy (6), inquired of me in return; how long she was likely to stay in the Low Countries? and on my answering, "ten "or twelve days." "*So much the better*," she rejoined, "*but let it not be longer*." She set out on Ascension-day (2d June): I expected her back on Whitsun-eve; but instead of that, I received a letter, to say that her return was postponed. It will be easily guessed that d'Avaray was not idle all this while; and as to what concerns MADAME, I may here say, once for all, that Madame Gourbillon, her reader, undertook to do all that was necessary; and acquitted herself of the task with equal ability and success.

(6) The Count de Mercy, who had lately been Austrian ambassador to Paris.

Whit-Monday (June 13), in returning from mass, the Queen whispered me, "The King "has given orders for going in the procession "of the Fête-Dieu (7) at St. Germains L'Auxerrois; appear to be vexed at it." These few words made at first some impression on me, but it soon vanished. I was until Thursday (16th) without seeing the Queen in private; but on that day she told me their departure was fixed for the ensuing Sunday (19th). It hoped that d'Avaray would come to my *coucher*; but an accident had happened to his cabriolet, and he could not come. Friday morning I wrote to him to come at six o'clock: he did so. "Are we to grease our boots (8)?"

(7) Corpus-Christi day, which, in 1791, fell on Thursday, the 23d.

(8) A proverbial phrase (now almost as obsolete as the jack-boots to which it refers) to signify preparation for a journey. When Rabelais, on his death-bed, received the *extreme unction*, he said, "Ah, it "is clear I am just going the long journey—*you are* "*greasing my boots.*"

said he on entering. "Yes," said I, "and "for Monday."

We then entered into detail, and examined three principal points. First, the way of getting out of the Luxembourg. Second, the way of getting out of Paris. Third, the road by which we could most easily escape out of France. He was much distressed on the first of these points, because he did not know all the localities of my apartments; and that he believed that I had no means of getting out but through my ante-chamber, which was impossible (9), or the garden, which was very difficult. This obstacle, however, I soon removed, by showing him what I call my private apartment, and which communicates directly with the great Luxembourg, where there were no national guards. I had not before explained this passage to him, because I had not thought of making use of

(9) Impossible to be done *without observation*, as the ante-chambers were filled with attendants, guards, domestics, &c.

it, expecting to set out from Madame de Balbi's, or from the country. Here I cannot but pause to express my wonder, that during twenty months that I had now been in Paris, this passage, which was known to several of my attendants, had not been even suspected by my gaolers (1); and how it was that, using it as I did, during the hottest of the persecution, to go to my chapel, which is in the Great Luxembourg, I had not myself betrayed it.

This difficulty removed, another remained; it was, in what carriage we should get to our travelling carriage; for we never for a moment thought of bringing the latter to the Luxembourg. A hackney coach was obviously the safest, but they were not allowed to come

(1) The duress, the surveillance, under which all the Royal Family were placed, deserves the strong term that MONSIEUR applies to it. On one occasion a report was spread that MONSIEUR had escaped, and he was obliged to pacify the populace by parading himself through the town, not without some risk to his personal safety.

into the court of the Luxembourg, and d'Avaray would not hear of my attempting, however well disguised, to escape on foot (2). We had then no alternative but a job coach, or a cabriolet, and we decided for the former; because (3), besides that I am rather too heavy to get easily in and out of a cabriolet, it would have required a man to hold the horse, which did not suit us. This point settled, we discussed whether we had better leave Paris with job or with post horses; and we decided for post horses. First, because it is the least suspicious way of travelling: second, because in taking job horses we must either have placed relays on the road, or obtained an order (4) to

(2) We shall see, by and by, that MONSIEUR had a very peculiar gait, by which M. d'Avaray thought he would be certainly detected.

(3) The expression is here somewhat clumsy, and the reasoning not less so; as a man to hold the horse of the cabriolet, or to drive the job coach, would be equally necessary in either case.

(4) One of the rules of the French *poste* is, that no one arriving with other than post horses can have post horses, without a special order.

have post horses: the former would have had a suspicious appearance, and the latter might have been as bad; besides, it was adding an additional wheel to a machine already sufficiently complicated, and which it was our interest to simplify as much as possible.

Finally we considered our escape out of France. I thought we must have a passport, but the difficulty was how to obtain it without suspicion. My first idea was to send for Beauchêne, the physician of my stables, who had some connexion with M. de Montmorin (5) and M. de la Fayette, and to tell him that two non-juring priests of my acquaintance, terrified at what had lately happened at the convent of the Theatins (6), wished to escape

(5) At this time minister of foreign affairs; he was afterwards massacred at the Abbaye.

(6) On the quay then called *des Theatins*, now the quay Voltaire. On the 2d June, during divine service, the mob broke into the church of the Theatins, at the moment of the administration of the sacrament; they dispersed the communicants, maltreated the priests, overturned the altar, and defiled the church.

from France under the name of two Englishmen, and that I desired he would procure them a passport from the office of M. de Montmorin. D'Avaray did not approve this idea; he represented to me that Beauchêne, who is sharp, might form some suspicions of what it was our interest so much to conceal, and I abandoned this project; but d'Avaray, who was very intimate with Lord Robert Fitzgerald (7), told me that he would endeavour to obtain a passport through his means. As to our route, my first project was to go by Douay and Orchies; but after more reflection, I resolved to send MADAME by this route, as being the safest; and I told d'Avaray that we should determine upon ours next morning.

(7) Next brother of the late Duke of Leinster, afterwards created an Irish peer by the name of Lord Lecale. He was secretary to the British embassy at Paris, and was about this period acting as envoy in the interval between the Duke of Dorset and Earl Gower.

On leaving him, I went to the Tuilleries, where the Queen showed me the draft of a *declaration* which the King had prepared (8), and which he had just given to her. We read it together. I found in it some inaccuracies of style—that was a little drawback; but besides that, we thought the paper rather too long. There was one essential point omitted, namely, a protest against all the acts done by the King during his captivity.

After supper I made some observations to my brother on his work: he told me to take it home with me, and to bring it back to him next day. On Saturday morning (18th June) I began the most ungrateful task in the world,

(8) This declaration is to be found in all the publications of the day. The King's shyness and difficulty of expressing himself in ordinary conversation gave so unjust a notion of his understanding, that we have heard persons who knew him doubt whether he had written that admirable composition—his *Will*. We are glad of this additional testimony as to even the literary powers of Louis XVI., for the Declaration is very well written and very well reasoned.

namely, the correcting another person's work; and of uniting the phrases, which I was obliged to insert, with the views and expressions of the past that had been already written. The pen really was at every moment ready to fall from my fingers; however, well or ill, at last I got through it. During this time, d'Avaray had written to Lord Robert: he had also been at the coach-maker's, to see whether the carriage was in good order; and to deceive him, without exciting suspicion (9), he had told him, that being obliged to join his regiment, he wished to conceal his departure from his family; and under this plausible pretext, he had enjoined secrecy. He had also made the necessary arrangements with Perbnnet for my dress, and he was back again with me by six o'clock.

(9) This phrase (as well as others which may attract observation) is the King's own. It seems to have required no great ingenuity to lull suspicion by deceiving those one fears.

He was out of spirits: Lord Robert had answered, that he had no longer the right of giving passports, and that my Lord Gower (1) would certainly not give them to any person who were not really English; and some other means which d'Avaray had also employed had been equally unsuccessful. Fortunately, Madame de Balbi, on going away, had left with him an old passport which she had had from the British ambassador, under the name of Mr. and Miss Foster. But this passport, good only for fifteen days, was dated 23d April, and was for man and woman, instead of two men. I did not believe it possible to make any use of it; but d'Avaray—of whom I am glad to bear testimony that he was no more disturbed by difficulties (2), than if a

(1) The present Marquis of Stafford, then Earl Gower, and newly appointed ambassador in France.

(2) Again it must be observed, that the King seems to rate too highly a very ordinary expedient.

young friend had begged him to take him to the ball of the opera without the knowledge of his parents—D'Avaray, I say, soon showed me that I was wrong; he scraped the writing; and although what he scraped was in a fold, and the paper very thin, the passport was in a quarter of an hour for Messrs. and Miss Forster, and dated the 13th June, instead of the 23rd April.

This obstacle overcome, we were still not without difficulties. We did not know whether it was necessary or not that passports should be *visé* by the minister for foreign affairs; and we had no inclination to produce one, which, notwithstanding all the skill of d'Avaray, and the blots of ink which he had industriously scattered on the back, both on the scraped places, and elsewhere to be less suspicious, might easily be detected. We resolved, therefore, to be satisfied with it as it was, hoping that it would not appear sur-

prising that two Englishmen—as we had determined to appear to be—should have thought that the passport of the English ambassador was quite sufficient, and that the municipalities which might happen to examine it would not perceive its defects.

Finally, we considered the road we should take. I had given up that of Orchies to MADAME. I did not like that by Valenciennes, for reasons which I have already stated. We settled at last to proceed to Mons, by Soissons, Laon, and Maubeuge; and this for the following reasons: first, this road being little travelled, we hoped to find horses more easily; as far as Soissons it might be thought that we were going to Rennes, and to Laon that we were going to Givet, which might deceive those who should pursue us. Thirdly, and lastly, walled towns, where the *poste* is situated in the interior of the town, are marked in the post-book in a particular way. Now, according to this mark, the *poste*

is *within* Avennes, and is *not* within Maubeuge; and we reckoned, that considering the hour at which we intended to set out, we might pass Avennes, and should arrive at Maubeuge, before the gates were shut; that we should then have to do only with the post-master, and that we should thus avoid the frontier towns, of which the deficiencies of our passport made us very apprehensive.

In the evening, I took my corrections of the King's declaration to the Tuilleries. I asked the Queen, if she thought that a passport from the English ambassador was sufficient; she assured me, that the King himself had no other than one from the Russian minister, which put me very much at my ease.

I must, no doubt, have ill explained myself to the Queen; for, in fact, a passport under the name of the Baroness de Korff, though obtained by Monsieur de Simolin, had been really issued from the Foreign Office; but

the Queen could have no reason to deceive me (3), and I should not have mentioned these circumstances, if I had not promised to tell every thing.

In the meanwhile, the paper on which the King had employed me contained as yet only the first part of what was intended, that is to say, the defects and errors of the constitution. There was still wanting a summary of the personal insults which the King had undergone since the opening of the States-General; he ordered me to draw up this summary (4), and I accordingly brought it to him next evening. It might be thought, from what I have said here, and in a former passage, that I am the author of the *Declaration*,

(3) There is a kind of insinuation here which is obviously unjust. The Queen probably told MONSIEUR exactly what she knew or believed; she had asked the Russian minister for the passport, and probably was not aware of his having sent to obtain it from the French Foreign Office.

(4) MONSIEUR had, as we have said, with his own family and the public, the reputation of *authorship*.

of the 20th June; but I am bound in truth to declare that I only corrected it; that many of my corrections were not adopted; that the whole conclusion was added after I had returned it; and that in its present shape I did not see it till it reached us at Brussels.

With the exception of this work, and one or two circumstances (which I shall mention presently), Sunday (June 19) was an idle day for me, but it was not so for d'Avaray. He was busy all day, showed himself but for a moment at the Luxembourg, as we had agreed the evening before, and we did not see each other in private. This public visit, which we had considered necessary, was very inconvenient to him, as it consumed a portion of the short time which he had reserved for himself. On my part too, it was painful to my feelings to leave him confounded in the crowd of courtiers, and to address him only by one of those insignificant phrases (5) which princes

(5) No prince, perhaps, has said these insignificant

are obliged to use on such occasions; but prudence required that I should be *a prince* on that occasion; but I promised myself, in my own mind, that it was the last time I should be a prince with him.

He had already made a half confidence to Sayer, his English servant, of the same nature as that to the coach-maker. He told him that he was to set off next day for his regiment, but forbad him to speak about it in the house, or to mention it to any of the family. He added, that wishing for company in his journey, he had the good fortune to meet with a friend, who was a good sort of fellow; but that as the post-masters paid more attention in general to strangers than to natives, we had resolved to travel as Englishmen, under the names of Michael and David Foster: and, finally, he made him acquainted

things better than the author: it is amusing to see him undervaluing a talent which he certainly possesses in a very eminent degree.

with Peronnet, under the name of Perron, valet-de-chambre of his intended companion. The names of Michael and David were not chosen at random: my linen being marked with an M., and his with D. A., he thought it necessary, in case we should be closely examined, that our assumed names should correspond with these marks.

I now return to circumstances to which I have alluded before. The morning of that same day (June 19) I met Beauchêne at my wife's levee. He told me that a man had gone to Audouin (6), one of those journalists who distribute daily poison in Paris at one penny a sheet, and produced to him a plan of escape for the King, and the whole of the family.

(6) To the very good description given in the text of this Audouin we have only to add, that after having, by the most infamous provocatives, inflamed the fury and cruelty of the Jacobins, he reaped the bitter harvest of his own villany, and was guillotined, 1794, as one of the faction of Hebert and Danton.

adding, that he was certain that this plan had been adopted at the Tuilleries; that the man had begged Audouin to insert it in his newspaper, and that it would certainly appear next day. This information made me uneasy; they tell me even that I grew pale on hearing it. I don't believe that circumstance; but of this I am quite sure, that I very soon recovered myself, and I asked Beauchêne laughing to favour us with the details of this pretended plan. He stated some which I so well knew to be false, that I saw that even if something was known, it was but a very small part of our design, and I became perfectly easy. The second circumstance was a note in enigmatical terms, which I received in the morning from d'Avaray, complaining 'of a bolt which I had ordered to be placed.' I thought I was quite sure that there was no such thing on the door of my private apartment, opening into the Great Luxembourg. I lost no time in hastening to satisfy myself upon this

point, and seeing that I was right, I resolved to wait for an opportunity of speaking to d'Avaray in private, and hearing from him the explanation of his riddle.

On Monday morning (June 20) a report (7) was spread that the Queen had been arrested, in the course of the night, as she was attempting to escape with my sister in a hackney-coach. This did not alarm me much; but on reflection this rumour, combined with what I had heard from Beauchêne, seemed to prove two things: first, that our gaolers were uneasy about us; secondly, that at present it was but a vague apprehension. I concluded, therefore, that we should still have time to escape; but that the moment was well chosen, and that if we did not avail ourselves of it, it never would occur again.

(7) All these reports, unfounded in themselves, yet so nearly approaching the truth, are curious enough, and prove that all mankind agreed that it was natural that the King should endeavour to escape.

I soon had another alarm; Madame de Sourdis, coming to attend my wife to church, was refused admittance at the gate of the Little Luxembourg; but I soon learned that it was a mistake of the porter: that made my mind easy, and I waited patiently the explanation of d'Avaray's note. I considered, however, that it would probably be expedient to blacken my eyebrows, for the purpose of disguising my countenance, and I accordingly took an opportunity at dinner of slipping into my pocket a cork for this purpose (8).

D'Avaray did not come until near seven o'clock, and I confess time appeared to me very tedious; for, independently of the uneasiness I felt about him whenever he was absent, and of the final arrangements which we had yet to make, he was the only being to whom I could speak on the subject which now occupied all my thoughts. He explained

(8) This notable circumstance seems to be the only one in which the Prince's own ingenuity was at all exerted towards forwarding his escape.

the story of the bolt which he had mentioned, by saying, that Peronnet, to whom he had given the key of the apartment for the purpose of putting my travelling dress in it, had not been able to open the door, and believed that it was bolted. We immediately went to it, and, finding the dress, were satisfied that Peronnet had got in: we then tried the key in the lock, and found that it went easily. We then proceeded to make an inventory of the bundle, which we found very complete. I tried on the boots, which fitted well; and we placed every thing in regular order in the closet, where I resolved to dress.

D'Avaray promised to be with me at eleven o'clock precisely; and, after embracing each other very cordially, we separated, not to meet again till the very moment of action.

I pass over an infinity of details relative to the preparations which d'Avaray made, because, in fact, they were all his own; for them I willingly refer to his Narrative (9),

(9) This Narrative has not been yet made public.

which, I am sure, will be exact in these particulars. My object is only to relate what I myself did or saw, and, above all, to take care that on essential points d'Avaray does not depreciate his own merit.

On leaving me, d'Avaray was accosted by a person whom I believe, by the description he gave me of him, to have been Desportes, the usher of my closet, who said that he had something very urgent and important to communicate to him. He took him into the corridor which leads from the Little to the Great Luxembourg, and there this person, after a long preamble of attachment to the King and to me, told him that a friend of his, a man deserving the most entire credit, had confided to him that an attempt had been made to borrow from him a sum of money to facilitate the escape of the whole Royal Family, which was to take place that very night; that he thought it his duty to communicate this information, and that he begged him to lose no time in conveying it to me.

D'Avaray did not lose his presence of mind: he replied, that this was one of the thousand and one reports of *escape* and *counter-revolution* with which the public had been distracted for a year past: but the other insisted; and d'Avaray could only get rid of him by promising to speak to me on the subject in the evening at my *coucher*, or at latest next morning.

He, however, thought the thing important enough to apprize me of it. He came back to my private apartment, and knocked at the door of the closet; but in vain: I had already set out for the Tuilleries. He then debated with himself whether he had not better go thither also, and by seeing either the first femme-de-chambre of the Queen, or even myself, apprize us of what he had just heard; but he thought, on reflection, that doing so might excite observation; and the more so, because, having long refrained from going into public, for the purpose of avoiding questions, his being seen at the Tuilleries might

excite some surprise. Besides, matters were now gone so far that there was no receding. All these considerations induced him to keep the alarming information to himself—not even to acquaint me with it till we should be in safety, and to commit the success of our enterprise to the hands of Providence.

I was the more impatient to reach the Tuilleries, because I knew that my sister Elizabeth was this very afternoon to be apprized of the secret, which it was extremely irksome to me to have kept so long concealed from her. I found her tranquil, resigned to the will of Heaven; satisfied, but without any violent joy; as calm, in short, as if she had been in possession of the secret a year before. After embracing each other very tenderly, she said, "Dear brother, you are blessed with "a sense of religion: allow me to give you this "image (1), which cannot but bring you happi- "ness." I accepted it, as may be well believed,

(1) It is evident from the context that this was a crucifix.

with equal pleasure and gratitude. We conversed for some time on the subject of our approaching enterprise; and, without being blinded by my affection for her, I must say, that it was impossible to reason on the subject with more coolness and judgment than she did. I could not help admiring her (2).

I went down to the Queen's apartment, for whom I waited some time, because she was in private with the three gentlemen of the body guard, who have since given to her, as well as to the King, the last melancholy proof of their devotion. At last she came. I ran to embrace her: "*Take care,*" she cried, "*not to affect me (m'attendrir). It must not be seen that I have wept* (3)."

We supped, and remained all five (4) to-

(2) No one who reads the history of this admirable Princess's life can "help admiring her."

(3) What a beautiful combination of strength of mind and tenderness of heart these words exhibit!

(4) The King and Queen, MONSIEUR, MADAME, and Madame Elizabeth.

gether till near eleven o'clock. At the moment when I was about to take leave, the King, who till then had not informed me of the place of his destination, took me aside; and, after telling me that he was going to Montmedi, positively directed me to proceed by the Austrian Low Countries to Longwy (5). Again we embraced each other tenderly, and at last separated, thoroughly persuaded—at least I was—that before four days we should all meet again in a place of safety. It was not quite eleven o'clock when I left the Thuilleries, and I was glad of it, because I hoped that the Duke de Levis (6), who ge-

(5) The King had been advised himself to take this latter road; but no persuasion could induce him to leave the territory of his kingdom, and this route was therefore assigned to his brother.

(6) The same whom we have seen in England, and the author of several works of interest and merit. He, as well as MONSIEUR, to whom he was attached, was at the beginning a favourer of the Revolution—a moderate reformer—and he generally voted with the coté gauche. This was perhaps the reason that

nerally saw me home every evening, might not arrive in time, which I wished for two reasons: first, because I was unwilling to expose myself to questions, which, however unconnected they were, might still have embarrassed me; secondly, because I was in the habit of chatting generally a good while before I went to bed; and I was afraid, by going to bed immediately, as it was necessary I should, some suspicion might be excited in the mind of the duke. My hope was disappointed: he even made a merit of his punctuality, with which I should gladly have dispensed. I restrained my impatience however, and chatted quietly with him as we drove along. The moment I reached my own apartment, however, I began to undress, at which he seemed surprised. I told him that I had slept ill the night before, and had resolved to make up

MONSIEUR was unwilling to entrust him with this secret. We have seen (page 21) that the Duke felt, very justly and naturally, a little jealousy on this subject.

for it to-night: this reason satisfied him; I undressed myself, and went to bed.

I must here observe, that my first valet-de-chambre always slept in my room, which, unless I put him in my confidence, appeared an insurmountable obstacle to my escape; but I had satisfied myself, by a rehearsal which I had made two days before, that before he could undress himself and come back to my room, I had more time than was necessary to get up, light a candle, and get into my closet.

Accordingly the moment he was gone I got up, and closing carefully the curtains of my bed, and taking with me the few things which I wanted, I got into my closet and shut the door; and from that moment, whether from a presentiment or from my confidence in d'Avaray, I thought myself out of France. I put in the pockets of my robe de chambre three hundred louis which I took with me, and passed into the private apart-

ment, where d'Avaray was waiting for me, after having had a very serious alarm; for when he had attempted to enter it, the key would not turn in the lock:—a thousand fancies, one worse than the other, had passed through his mind. At last, however, he thought of turning the key the other way, which happened to be the right one.

D'Avaray dressed me, and when I was so, I remembered that I had forgotten my cane and a *second* snuff-box which I wished to bring away. I was going back to look for them, but d'Avaray would not permit such rashness, and I did not persist in my intention. The clothes fitted me very well; but the wig was a little too light: however, as it fitted tolerably, and as I was resolved, whenever I could, to keep a large round hat with a great tri-coloured cockade over my eyes, the ill-fitting of the wig did not give us much trouble. In crossing the private apartments, d'Avaray told me that there was a carriage

like our own waiting in the great court of the Luxembourg: this made him uneasy; but I quieted him by acquainting him that it was my wife's; yet when we were on the stairs, he desired me to wait, and went to see if it were still there. Not seeing it, he returned, saying, "*Come along with me.*"—"*I am ready,*" I replied, and we proceeded to our carriage, which was a vis-à-vis. By accident I had placed myself with my back to the horses. "What," said d'Avaray, "you are ceremonious?" "Faith," said I, "here I am."—He did not persist in his compliment, and, directing the coachman to drive to the Pont Neuf, we left the Luxembourg.

My joy at having escaped from my prison, —a joy which d'Avaray sincerely shared,— turned all our thoughts towards gaiety. And, accordingly, our first impulse, after crossing the threshold, was to sing a verse of the parody of the Opera of Penelope—

"Ca va bien,
Ca prend bien,
Ils ne se doutent de rien (7)."

We met several people in the streets, and a patrole of the national guard. Nobody, however, thought of even looking to see whether there was any one in the carriage. Near the Pont Neuf d'Avaray told the coachman to drive to the *Quatre Nations* (8). We found our carriage waiting for us between the Mint and the Quatre Nations, in a kind of little street which is formed by the angles of these buildings. The coachman, who had already set down d'Avaray in the same place that morning, thought that we were going there, and was about to stop; but d'Avaray told him to drive to the front of the college, and it was there we alighted. The coachman

(7) It must be confessed that the author's mode of expressing his satisfaction was not very noble, nor very suitable to his own circumstances and to those of the rest of his family.

(8) Also called the College de Mazarin, and now-a-days l'Institut de France.

asked us whether we were satisfied with him? "So much so," replied d'Avaray, "that I shall "probably employ you again the day after "to-morrow."

We then proceeded on foot to the travelling carriage, d'Avaray warning me to take care not to waddle (9) as I walked. At last we reached it: I got in first, then Sayer, then d'Avaray; Peronnet got on horseback. We assumed an English accent, desired to be driven to the Bourget (1), and we set out. On reaching the Pont Neuf, two post-carriages passed us, which had the immediate effect of making d'Avaray uneasy; but it was much worse when, after having changed our road to avoid them, they passed us again at the

(9) *Dandiner*. The gait both of the King and of his brother was so very peculiar, as to render it, in the opinion of their attendants, necessary to convey them away in carriages, although it is evident that this latter mode increased the difficulty of keeping the secret.

(1) The first stage out of Paris on the Flanders road.

Porte St. Martin; and it was clear that they were taking the same road as ourselves.

D'Avaray had no doubt that it was some one of my family, and he swore in an under tone against "princes who, from not commu-"nicating with one another, spoil the best ar-"rangements in the world;" for he thought, and with reason, that if we continued to keep company, we should, besides interfering with one another's horses, give rise to suspicion, and be infallibly stopped. I did not partake his alarm, knowing very well that it was my wife; and that once past Le Bourget we had no thing more to fear; but I could not explain this to him before Sayer, who was not in our secret. Luckily d'Avaray only spoke of the want of horses, and I represented to him that we must be very unfortunate indeed if those carriages should be, like ourselves, going to Soissons of all places in the world, since the road we were travelling led also to Metz, Nancy, and all Flanders. When we had

crossed the road to Chalons, his uneasiness and his impatience increased to such a degree, that I thought I might speak a little plainer; and, assuming a prophetic tone, I asserted positively that those carriages were going to Douay. That quieted him a little as to our travelling in company; but, anxious to gain time, he offered six francs to the postillion to pass the other two carriages: that succeeded for a moment, but they soon passed us again, and we arrived all together at Le Bourget. There d'Avaray made Sayer alight, under the pretence of going to look who were in the other carriages; and when we were alone, I explained clearly to him what I had hitherto only said in ambiguous phrases, which, at last, tranquillized him.

Day overtook us near Nanteuil; then Sayer got on horseback, and Peronnet took his place in the carriage. He produced my diamonds, which he had brought away in his pockets, and we hid them between the lining and the

back of the carriage, pasting the lining again in its place. I took also the cork, which I mentioned before, and which d'Avaray had taken care to blacken, and I coloured my eyebrows with it, without caricature, but so as to disguise me perfectly. I moreover determined to appear (2) asleep at all the posts, at least till we had got a good distance from Paris. I affected—and, in truth, I did not once fail—to foretell at our departure from each *poste*, from the look of the postillions, whether they would drive us well or ill. We had come admirably as far as Vertfeuil; but there I predicted that we should be driven very ill to Soissons, and I was not mistaken.

During this stage d'Avaray spoke to me of his intention to resign his regiment. I was not quite of his opinion; but I submitted to his reasons. He then told me that he had a mind to forward his resignation to Monsieur

(2) This simple precaution would have saved Louis XVI. from detection at St. Menehoud.

du Portail (3) from Soissons. I laughed at him about the place he had chosen, asking whether he thought he was to have more leisure there than at the other stages: nor did I approve his addressing Monsieur du Portail, knowing that it was the King's intention to dismiss all his ministers at the moment of his departure; but as d'Avaray added, that he intended to date his resignation on the 18th June, I had nothing more to object.

This postillion justified but too well the inference which I had drawn from his countenance; for nothing could drive worse. We agreed that he could be no other than the president of the jacobin society of Soissons. But although I seemed to make light of this, I felt, in truth, a real anxiety: I had within the last few miles discovered that I had forgotten

(3) Monsieur du Portail was an officer of engineers, had served with La Fayette in America, and who was now, through his interest, minister of the war department.

at Paris the image which my sister had given me; and, without being more devout than my neighbours, this loss really disturbed me, and gave me a great deal more anxiety than that of my cane and snuff-box.

On our arrival at Soissons, we found that one of the tires of the left front wheel was broken. This vexed us extremely; but it was much worse a moment after, when, on examining the wheel more closely, we found that the felly was broken also. D'Avaray showed no emotion; but then I saw perfectly what was passing in his mind. Not less uneasy than he, I endeavoured also to command myself. It seems that I succeeded; for he afterwards assured me that my serenity had restored his. They proposed that we should have a new felly made. We asked how long that would take: they answered, about two hours and a half. Being but an indifferent wheelwright, and ignorant, consequently, of any other mode of remedying

the accident, I looked at this loss of time with the greater anxiety, because it was now half-past eight o'clock. Our flight must be now known at Paris, and every moment of delay lost us some of the start which the night had given us; but d'Avaray, who, as I said, had recovered his coolness, thought of another expedient, which was, to bind the felly with a double clip of iron, and this the people agreed to adopt.

Whilst this work was going on, he first wrote his letter to Monsieur du Portail, which he inclosed in another to his brother-in-law, Monsieur de Sourdis; he then went to hasten the smith. Thus left alone, I thought of looking into his portefeuille, which he had forgotten in the carriage; and there, with equal wonder and joy, I found the image which I thought I had left at Paris. But what completed my surprise was, that d'Avaray has since assured me, that in opening his portfolio, he had not been less surprised than

was in finding the image; for he had not the least recollection of having put it there. The postmaster was standing near the carriage, and confiding, as I safely might, in my English accent, I chatted a good while with him, without observing any thing to lead me to fear that he even suspected who I was.

At last our wheel was mended, and they assured us that it would still go twelve or fifteen leagues: that was, however, very far under our mark, for we were still two-and-thirty leagues from Mons; but, trusting a little to good luck, we gave ourselves no great uneasiness on this point, and set off again. But before we go further, I must mention a danger which we escaped without knowing it, and which certainly was the greatest that we ran.

M. de Tourzel had left Paris on the Thursday or Friday, and, to avoid creating suspicion, he had gone to spend two days at the house of the Archbishop of Narbonne at

Haute-Fontaine. His servant, who had no desire to leave France, went, in a moment of intoxication, to inform against him at the jacobin club at Attichy, near Haute-Fontaine, as an *aristocrate* who was going abroad to effect a counter-revolution. The club immediately sent a notice to those of the neighbouring towns, and amongst others to that of Soissons, for the arrest of all travellers; and the leaders of the club, placing themselves at the head of about sixty national guards, proceeded to Haute-Fontaine to secure M. de Tourzel: but finding that he was only a young man, with a boyish appearance, and that he was travelling in a simple cabriolet, they made light of the servant's information, and allowed the master to depart. It is probable that they also sent counter-orders to the neighbouring clubs, as we should otherwise inevitably have been stopped. I am not mistaken, however, in affirming that this was the greatest danger to which we

were exposed; and had I known the circumstance, we should certainly have taken another road.

The *poste* of Vaurains, between Soissons and Laon, is a solitary house, where there are no other persons than those attached to the *poste*, who were all busy with their horses. This seemed to me so good an opportunity of alighting, and relieving the stiffness in my legs, that I proposed doing so; but it was so firmly opposed by d'Avaray, that I was obliged to yield. I then proposed breakfasting. We had a pie and some claret, but we had forgotten bread; and whilst we eat the crust with the pie, we thought of Queen (4) Maria Theresa, who hearing one day the poor people pitied for being in want of bread, replied, "But, dear me, why do they not eat pie-"crust?"

D'Avaray then had a very bright thought, namely, to take Sayer again with us, and to

(4) The queen of Louis XIV.

send Peronnet forward with the measure of our felly, to have a similar one made in case the iron band should not be sufficient, and by that means to avoid the danger of waiting two hours, from which we had just escaped.

Sayer informed us, by the way, that every body were persuaded we were really English, which gave us great pleasure: and he added, that he was every where told that we were going to Brussels; an idea which would have been very unpleasant if we had been taken for Frenchmen, but which, as we were thought Englishmen, became a matter of indifference. D'Avaray seeing him in a talking humour, led him to speak on the affairs of the times(5), upon which he spoke very freely; and, amongst other things, he said one which has much struck me since, which was, that they began

(5) It must be recollected that this English servant did not know who his master's friend was. The observations which so much struck the author are not very profound.

to consider the King as mad—*fou.* (I must observe that Sayer speaks French ill, and that the English word *fool*, which he must certainly have meant, has a very different signification from mad.) He also made an observation, with the truth of which I was struck; it was, that it cannot be said that there are really either aristocrats or democrats, because the man who has but a sixpence, to use his own expression, calls the possessor of a shilling an aristocrat.

In the mean time Peronnet had arrived at Laon, full three-quarters of an hour before us; but the wheelwright was gone to the upper town, and was not yet returned when we arrived. We had our wheel carefully examined, and having ascertained that it was in good condition, we continued our journey, without thinking any more of having a new felly made.

It is impossible to be worse driven than we were from Vaurains; but particularly from

Laon to La Capelle. I began to fear that we should not arrive at Avesnes before the gates were shut, and I was thinking of going by Landrecy, where the *poste* is out of the town: this would, it is true, have lengthened our journey four leagues; but this was a slight inconvenience compared to that of being stopped altogether: the uneasiness, however, which the slowness of the drivers occasioned to me, was soon absorbed in one of a more cruel description. D'Avaray, who had for some time become serious and taciturn, from having, in all the former part of the journey, been lively and talkative, at last acknowledged to me, between Marle and Vervins, that he was spitting blood; and I saw but too much proof of it on his handkerchief, which I had seized by a kind of mechanical motion as soon as he had made that confession. Conceive what passed across my mind! I could not doubt that this accident was owing to the mental and bodily fatigues which he had

undergone in preparing for our departure, joined to the sleepness night which he had passed, and to the fatigue of the journey. I knew that when this occurred to him it usually lasted several days, and I knew enough of medicine to be aware that, in such cases, entire rest is the first and most indispensable remedy. Heaven knows that had he not been exposed, in case of arrest, to still greater dangers than myself, nothing on earth should have made me go on another step: but of that I was but too certain; so that every way I felt myself the assassin of one to whom I was attached by friendship, before I was bound to him by gratitude, and who, at that very moment, was giving me a proof of a faithful and courageous attachment. Notwithstanding the efforts I made, the impression on my mind showed itself too plainly in my countenance; he perceived it, and forgetting what he suffered, as well as overcoming the uneasy sensation excited by accidents of that nature, he thought

only of consoling me, and of removing my fears on his account; telling me that it was of no consequence, that it was caused only by his being a little heated, and that he felt it was going off. I was no longer listening to what he said; I had turned towards Heaven, and I was praying with a fervency which I should certainly never have felt in praying for myself. I dare not believe that it was granted to my prayers; but certain it is, that the spitting of blood ceased, and did not occur again. I should be ill able to describe what I felt at first beholding saliva entirely white in his handkerchief, which I was examining every moment. These details will no doubt appear low, and even disgusting, to persons whose hearts are cold and unfeeling; but it is not for such that I write, and those who have any sensibility will feel differently.

On our arrival at La Capelle, we asked of the mistress of the *poste*, on her word of

honour and her oath, whether we might expect to reach Avesnes before the shutting of the gates? She assured us that we should not only be able to reach that place, but also to leave it, which afforded us much pleasure, as we were pretty certain it was the only place where we had any thing to fear. Presently after I heard a dispute between the woman and Peronnet, who alighted at every *poste* to pay; and this was the subject of it: we travelled with three horses, and paid generously thirty sous for them. She maintained (and, indeed, with justice), that as we were three in the carriage, we ought to pay for four horses. Peronnet maintained the contrary, and she threatened to make us take four horses and two drivers. We thought it somewhat whimsical to be staking for one moment our lives against ten sous, the difference between the charge for three horses at thirty sous each, and that for four horses at twenty-five sous each. D'Avaray told her

that she treated us in that manner because we were foreigners. "No," she said, "I "should have a right to put six, if I pleased." "Well," I answered in bad French (convinced, by the laughing which my accent caused amongst all the postillions to whom I had spoken, that I was taken for a true Englishman), "put six horses; I only pay for "five." She laughed. And then addressing Peronnet very seriously, I said to him, "Monsieur Perron, pay what madame de-"mands: it shall not be said that Michael "Foster has had a dispute with a lady about "money matters." The tone I assumed, the gravity, the gestures, the accent, a thousand things, in short, which cannot be described in writing, rendered this the most comical scene in the world; but we knew better than to laugh.

We inquired what regiment was in garrison at Avesnes, and were told the regiment of Vintimille. This information was not

agreeable to d'Avaray, who had, two years before, given a dinner to the officers of this regiment. It was settled, however, that he should sit as back as possible in the carriage, and we set off. On the way the sun, which had not shone during any part of the day, showed itself sufficiently to oblige me to put up the blind; a circumstance which appears unimportant, but of which the consequences will soon be seen.

At the gate of Avesnes we were asked, as usual, our names, and whether we were to stop in the town? We answered, that we were two Englishmen, and that we should continue our journey. We presented our passports, which were not even looked at, and we reached the *poste;* but Sayer, who was much fatigued, and who had been told by every body, and particularly by an Englishman who chanced to be there, that it was ridiculous for us to go further, as we could not expect to get in at Maubeuge, had yielded

to these representations, and had not ordered horses. We called for them immediately; but we had to wait for them a long quarter of an hour, just between the *poste* and the military coffee-house, which was full of officers. Fortunately the blind, which I mentioned before, protected us on the side of the coffee-house; and the officers even showed us the attention to prevent some town's-people from looking into the carriage. I observed, however, the uneasiness of d'Avaray, divided between the alarm which our situation caused him, and his anger with Sayer, by whom we had been placed in it: I endeavoured to quiet him, and easily succeeded. We set off at last; and as soon as we were out of the town, sang heartily "Victory is ours."

The postillion who drove us went at a good pace, and seemed to be what is called a determined fellow; but, we observed, with some apprehension, that he frequently looked behind him: at length he stopped, and asked

whither we wished him to take us. "To "the *poste*," I said. "Oh," he answered, "the *poste* is a bad inn; I will take you to "the Grand Cerf, where you will be in good "quarters." "But," I said, "it matters "not whether the quarters are good or bad; "we do not intend to sleep at Maubeuge." "And where then do you want to go?" he asked. "To Mons," I replied. "To Mons," he said, laughing, "Oh! you will not get "there to-day." "And why not?" I asked. "Because," he answered, "it is quite enough "if they open the gates to let us in; they "will, most certainly, not open them to let "us out again." "But," I said, "what "need we care about the gates, open or shut, "if the *poste* is not within the town of Mau- "beuge?" "It is within the town since "the last six months," he answered. "Well," I said, "is there not a way to go round the "town?" "Yes, there is," he replied. "Then, my friend," I said, "as we are much

"pressed for time, and as your horses are "good, could you not take us round the "town, and double the *poste?* we will pay "you well." "I?" he exclaimed, "I would "not do it for the whole world!"

These few words opened upon me all the horrors of our situation; and seeing no further hope, I thought only of resigning myself to the fate which I foresaw but too well. My own sacrifice was easy; but that of d'Avaray cut me to my heart. However, d'Avaray, as calm as if there had not been any danger, began to speak in bad French, but with an eloquence which I shall not attempt to imitate, and said to the postillion that we were in a great hurry to get to Mons, having left his sister, my cousin, a charming girl that we loved excessively, very ill at Soissons; that the only physician in whom she had any confidence was at Mons; that if we lost time in fetching him, his sister would die, and we should be the most unhappy of men; and lastly, that if

he carried us through, he would give him one, two, three guineas. This speech, backed by the promise of the three guineas, produced a wonderful effect on the postillion; and after a moment's reflection, he said to us, "Well, I will take you." But, a moment after, he recommended to us not to enter Maubeuge, but to have the horses brought out to us: we observed to him that that would be as difficult; and he then told us that he was not well acquainted with the way through the suburb, but that he would take a guide. We took Sayer again into the carriage, making Peronnet mount on horseback to observe the postillion, and we set off again.

As soon as we got into the suburb, the postillion stopped, and entering a public-house for some refreshment, asked for a guide. Some women who were in the house, and to whom he communicated some of the interest which our pretended situation had excited in him, told him that he could not

pass. "Why not," he said, "does the Pont "Rouge' no longer exist?"—"Yes," answered one of the women, "but there are "works going on at the new Sambre; they "say that three hundred workmen are em- "ployed upon them, and there are many "trenches you will never get across."— "Only get me a guide, that is all I want." The woman who had spoken went to fetch her brother, who happened to be one of the workmen: he offered to conduct us to the trench, but he confirmed what his sister had said of the impossibility of crossing it. "If "it were the devil," exclaimed the postillion, "I will pass: take a lantern, and show me "the way." This conversation, as may well be supposed, afforded us no pleasure; but the resolution shown by the postillion gave us hopes.

Thus did we proceed across the fields, within a hundred paces of the ramparts of a fortified town, and tolerably certain of being

stopped, if there should be any sentry, who should see our lantern, and who should know his duty: we would willingly have compromised for their firing upon us with grape from the top of the ramparts on condition that they should not come out upon us. Having arrived at the trench, I wished to pass it on foot, but the postillion would not allow it: he alighted, and having reconnoitred the trench, he found a spot, where, although deep, it was not broad; he mounted his horse again, and carried us across as cleverly as possible: the guide conducted us as long as we were in the fields, leaving us only when we were on the high road; and at last we took that of Mons, with a certainty of arriving there without impediment.

Before I gave way to my joy, I returned thanks to God for the recovery of my liberty. I then wanted to share my joy with d'Avaray. As we were not yet out of France, he wished

to check my transports, on account of Sayer, who did not yet know who I was; but the latter was sleeping soundly on my shoulder, and d'Avaray himself was too much delighted not to be led away by me. I began by seizing my odious tri-coloured cockade, and applying to it the line from Armide:

"Vains ornemens d'un indigne molesse," &c. (6).

I tore it from my hat.—(I have requested D'Avaray to keep it carefully, in the same manner as Christopher Columbus preserved his chains). We then deliberated upon the course we should follow at Mons, which we considered as being still a fortified place, and where we expected to find the gates shut. We resolved to seek for a lodging in the

(6) *Vain ornaments of unworthy indolence*, &c.
One does not see the applicability of this quotation to the circumstances, nor can we quite agree that Monsieur's cockade had any analogy to the fetters of Columbus.

suburbs; and if we should not be able to procure beds there, we agreed that I should write to the commandant, in my own name, to request that the gates might be opened. We anticipated also the case of our finding but one bed; I told d'Avaray that I should give it up to him, and that, as being the strongest, I should pass the night on a chair; he declared that he should not suffer it, and that he would rather lie on a mattress on the ground by the side of my bed: I insisted on his sharing at least the bed which we were not yet sure of getting; and as every thing took the lively turn in my mind, I parodied the lines of Hippolytus and Aricia, which begin, "Sous les drapeaux de Mars" (7), substituting "matelas" (8) for "malheur" (9), which made us laugh much. These projects, these disputes, the recollections of our jour-

(7) *Under the standard of Mars.*
(8) *Mattress.*
(9) *Misfortune.*

ney, a thousand others which assumed the gayest colours in the minds of two of the happiest beings that ever were, brought us to the village of Bossu, a quarter of a league from Mons. Our postillion, who had never been here, thought he was in the suburb, and we knocked at several doors without procuring admission at any one. At length he told us that he saw the cathedral of Mons; we went in that direction, and found it a pigeon-house. By dint of going on, however, we at last really arrived in the suburb, and a blacksmith, we succeeded in awaking, directed us to an inn; but it had so poor an appearance that we determined to use it only for the purpose of writing to the commandant of Mons. I got out of the carriage the first time for twenty-four hours: we knocked at the door, and a maid came and inquired what we wanted. "To write a letter," I replied: upon which she shut the door in my face. But the postillion, who wanted some refresh-

ment, knocked so hard, that she opened it again, and we went in. I was much in want of it, for my legs were so stiff they could hardly carry me.

My first care, whilst inquiry was making after the accommodation which might be had there, was to throw myself on my knees in order to return thanks to God in a more suitable posture than I had till then been able to place myself in. Having performed that first duty, I fulfilled another not less sacred or pleasing, by folding my dear d'Ayaray in my arms, to whom I could now, for the first time, give, without fear and without indiscretion, the name of my deliverer. We soon learned, however, that there were no means of either sleeping or eating in this abominable inn, and all we could obtain was a little detestable beer. We, therefore, had recourse to a letter to the commandant, which was carried by Peronnet; and in the mean time we began to converse, by the side of a

wretched fire of peat, with our postillion, who freely took a chair next to me. I asked him his name, which he told me was La Jeunesse. It will be easily conceived that my question was not prompted by mere curiosity, and that I was desirous of knowing the name of a man, who had, although unconsciously, done me so great a service. I afterwards asked him whether there were many priests at Avesnes who had taken the oath (1). "We are not without some," he answered, "but nevertheless the greatest number have "been faithful to their duty. They have "thought of a new oath for the army, but all "that is of no other use than to sow dissen-"sions between the officer and the soldier; "indeed, Heaven knows how all those things "go on." D'Avaray then inquired after the regiment of Vintimille. "Oh," he answered, "it is quiet enough; but formerly they ex-

(1) This was the test between the loyal and the constitutional clergy.

"ercised three times a week, and it was a "pleasure to see them; now, it is once in "eight days, they go out at seven o'clock; "and are in again at eight, and during that "time nothing is heard, right or left, the "music is playing constantly." I asked him further, whether, if we had wanted to pass the gates at Maubeuge, we should have applied to the commandant or to the municipality. "Why," he said, "to the munici-"pality, to be sure: have they not taken "every thing upon them? what are those "municipals? D—n'd ragamuffins! Guess, "pray, who commands *la nation* with two "epaulettes, if you please, in —— (a village "we came through, but I did not hear the "name distinctly);—a vinegar seller." In relating all this, he shrugged up his shoulders; he added to the effect of his words by his tone and gestures: and in short he really made us forget our fatigue and our hunger. However, when Peronnet came and told us

that the gates were open, both revived, and made us receive the news with great pleasure. La Jeunesse told us that he had heard that the best inn at Mons was La Couronne Imperiale, and we told him to take us there.

On entering the town, we were asked our names and rank: d'Avaray, to whom the questions were put, was still hesitating, but I ended the difficulty by saying that we were *Monsieur, brother of the King of France*, and the Conte d'Avaray; and that we wished to go to the Couronne Imperiale. The serjeant of the guard told us, we were expected at La Femme Sauvage, and that MADAME was already arrived there. We could not very well understand how, going by Tournay, she could already be at Mons: nevertheless, rejoicing at this addition to our good fortune, we desired to be taken to La Femme Sauvage. On reaching it we found the host at the door, and he confirmed what we had been told of our being expected; but after ascending a very indifferent staircase, we met a servant

with a light, who, after surveying me from head to foot, told me with some embarrassment that I was not the person expected. The door of the room was open, and a female (2), in bed, cried out, "It is not he! "don't come in." The host having now in his turn surveyed me, said to me, "*Are* "*you not the Comte de Fersen?*"—"No, in- "deed," I replied; "but if the lady will not "receive us, could you not give us another "room?" A dry negative was his only answer: and tolerably dissatisfied, as may well be supposed, with this adventure, which seemed at first so fortunate, we went down stairs, returned into our carriage, and drove to the Couronne Imperiale, where the host like-

(2) Madame C., the wife of an Englishman who died a year or two ago in France, and who was well known in the fashionable and literary world. Madame C. had been employed by M. de Fersen in some of the preparations for the King's escape, and she had preceded the royal traveller, and was now at Mons anxiously expecting the appearance of M. de Fersen.

wise declared to us that he had no room to give us. This second mis-adventure began in reality to discourage us, when a voice from the house pronounced these words, "*Monsieur "d'Avaray, is it you?*" He did not immediately recognize it, but I knew it to be that of Madame de Balbi. We alighted, and entered the house. Madame de Balbi employed herself in procuring us some supper. That of the inn was good for nothing; but luckily she had a cold chicken and a bottle of claret; and we stopped. She had afterwards the goodness to give me up her bed; d'Avaray took that of her maid; and, the first time for twenty months and a half, I lay down with an assurance of not being awakened by some scene of horror.

I slept about six hours, and I was waked by M. de la Châtre (3), who was at Mons, and

(3) The Comte, now Duc de la Châtre, so well known in England as the friend of Louis XVIII. in his exile, and for some time after the restoration ambassador at our court.

whose impatience to see me had not allowed him to let me finish my rest. A moment after I had risen the Comte de Fersen arrived, having conducted the King as far as Bondi. Nothing was then wanting to my happiness, as I was persuaded (ignorant as I was of any details of the plan of escape) that once out of Paris, the King would run no further risk. I gave way to my joy, and cordially embraced M. de Fersen. When I was dressed, I received the visits of all the French at Mons, and of the Austrian officers of the garrison of Mons. I was infinitely flattered by the manner in which they received me; but I was anxious to set out again on the road to Namur. I could not, however, depart before two o'clock; for the cartwright, in repairing the famous felly which had caused us so much trouble the day before, had contrived to break its neighbour; so that, in order to proceed, we were obliged to bind it also with a clip of iron; and we set off from Mons in the same condition as we had entered it. I

inquired after La Jeunesse, and I learned that they had given him ten louis; that he had been thunderstruck on first learning whom he had driven; but that the sight of so much gold had pleased him so mightily, that he had set off immediately without making any further inquiries. I have since heard, that he had saved himself by declaring that we had compelled him by force to take us on; and I was much pleased to learn that he had escaped the danger which he had incurred on our account.

The journey from Mons to Namur afforded nothing very interesting; the effusions of two friends, one of whom is elated at having saved the other, whilst the latter on his part enjoys his good fortune the more because he is indebted to his friend for it, are very delightful for themselves, but must be unentertaining to others. We arrived at Namur very late, and dying of hunger; and although I believe our supper at the Hotel de Hollande was not a

very good one, we thought it excellent. We were disposed to be easily satisfied; and finding some tolerable rhenish wine, we drank pretty freely of it. Altogether I never perhaps made a better or more cheerful supper.

On waking the next morning, I received visits from General de Moitelle, and from all the officers of the garrison, much more numerous than that of Mons. They appeared to me to be so pleased that I was amongst them, and so well disposed towards the cause of the King, that I must have been most ungrateful not to have been affected by it; nor was I less so by the attentions which they showed to my dear d'Ayaray: one might have supposed that they saw into my heart, and were aware that what they did for him was much more flattering to me than what they did for myself. However, though not yet feeling any uneasiness in regard to the King, I began to think that there was some delay in the arrival of news from Montmedy; and

I did not think it proper to throw myself into Longwy (4), without knowing whether we were masters of that part of the country. I therefore requested General de Moitelle to send a messenger to the Commandant of Luxembourg, with orders to bring me, wherever he might find me, the intelligence he might obtain concerning the King; and I was well determined, if I did not receive any, to push on to Luxembourg myself.

We had been warned that we should find the roads very bad. During the first stage we thought we had been deceived; but we soon found the information was but too correct. The iron pins which fastened the fore-wheels of the carriage having given way, we endeavoured to supply their places by cords; but this not being found to answer, we were obliged to stop at a place called Nattoye, to

(4) Longwy, it will be recollected, is a French town; and the King had directed MONSIEUR to repair thither as soon as he should have effected his escape.

get some new pins. As the sun shone strongly on the spot where we were, I proposed to d'Avaray to look for some shade; and we went near a house, in front of which there was a bench half burnt, which a little surprised us. A woman came out, and invited us to walk in and refresh ourselves: we declined going in, but we accepted some chairs she offered us outside the door. D'Avaray sent Sayer for his writing-case, and began to set down in ink the notes of our journey, which he had taken with a pencil. Whilst he was doing so, two women came near the bench, one of whom was aged, and the other younger (5): the youngest sat down on the bench, but the old woman, having placed upon it a load somewhat heavy that she had been

(5) The interest with which MONSIEUR tells this *very ordinary* story proves the kind of *insulated* education which the French princes received. If he had had the slightest knowledge of the world, he would have seen nothing in this incident worth recording.

carrying, sank, rather than seated herself, on the ground, and seemed to be taken ill. We asked what was the matter; but the mistress of the inn (for such it was) told us they were two German women from Wurtzbourg, who executed the commissions of the officers of the garrison of Namur. The youngest was looking at the other in a manner extremely affecting; and though we did not hear what she said, the word *maman*, pronounced in a tone as soft as a flute, struck upon our ear, and still more on our heart. We requested the mistress of the inn to give her something, and she offered her some beer; but she asked for some brandy: the landlady told us she had none, and that the wife of the blacksmith, who was then repairing our carriage, and who might have given some, was at church; but luckily some boys of the village came by, and she sent one of them, who offered his services very willingly, to fetch the brandy. While we were waiting for his return, we expressed to the landlady our sur-

prise that there should not be a little brandy in her house. "Oh, gentlemen," she said, "you do not know what we have suffered "lately; I have been lamed by it, and I will "tell you how it has happened. When the "troops (6) retreated, the soldiers took every "thing they could find; and I was two days "without any thing to eat or drink; I was "exhausted through weakness, and having "the misfortune to fall from the top to the "bottom of the stairs, I put out my hip-bone. "The patriots arrived the next day; my hus-"band fled, but, weak and hurt as I was, I "could not follow him; and, enraged at our "having received the troops, they took all "our furniture, and threw it into a fire which "they lighted in the middle of the room: "they wanted to throw me in too, but they "changed their mind; they broke my poor "crutch, and dragging me about the house, "and outside of it, they maimed me as you

(6) This relates to the disturbances in Flanders in 1789 and 1790.

"perceive." Saying this, she made me feel the upper part of her hip, and I felt that in fact the bone was dislocated in a manner not to be set. The boy now returned with a glass of brandy, and it was given to the old woman, who drank a little, and then gave it to her daughter: the latter wetted her lips, and returned it to her mother. We wanted to pay the boy, but the mistress of the inn told us she had given him twelve sous; we would have given him something more, but he ran off too quickly for us to think of following him. We then gave the landlady a piece of six francs, and she brought the poor woman some bread and butter, and some beer. The old woman having recovered a little strength, rose, and came to kneel before us, kissing our hands. We raised her up immediately, and taking off my hat, I pointed to the sky, and said; *Gott, Gott!* upon which she took her beads, pressed them to her heart, and began to pray. The landlady, with whom we continued conversing on the subject of her suf-

ferings, said to us, "Ah! gentlemen, revolu-
"tions are cruel things! I suffer as much
"from the revolution in France as from that
"in our own country, and I am very uneasy
"on account of my parents. I was born at
"Frombaine, near Givet; I do what I can to
"prevail upon them to leave the town, but I
"cannot succeed, and it makes me very un-
"happy. Ah! gentlemen, there is nothing
"but God, one's king, and one's country."
D'Avaray had already been affected to tears by the action of the old woman; I was moved, elevated by the words of the landlady. "Well, "my good woman," I said to her, "as you "think so, pray to God for the king; his life "is perhaps in the greatest danger; he has "left Paris." "Oh heavens!" she cried, "what do you tell me?" "Yes," said d'Avaray, "there is his brother, who escaped at "the same time as himself." "And there," I added, "is the friend that has saved me." I threw myself into his arms, and our tears were mingled. Sayer, retired into a corner,

was wiping his eyes. The woman, much affected, said to me, "You are the brother of "the King! Ah! if I might venture to touch "you!" "Do better, my good woman, em-"brace me."

The carriage was repaired; I gave a louis to the old woman; she wanted again to kiss my hand, but I embraced her, and we set off.

This accident had delayed us too much, to leave us any hope of reaching Bastogne, where we had intended to sleep. We therefore resolved to stop at Marche; and we sent Sayer forward to have supper ready for us at the inn of the *poste*, which the post-master at Emptines, who seemed to us a connoisseur in good living, had assured us was an excellent one. On our arrival in the town, we were taken to a house of good appearance; and we were rejoicing at finding so good an inn, but we were soon informed that we were at the house of an old officer of the regiment de Ligne, who had desired to receive us, be-

cause, notwithstanding the report of the post-master of Emptines, the inn of the *poste* was good for nothing. This was a crûel (7) disappointment for me, as I always distrust a *family dinner*. I cast a sorrowful look upon d'Avaray, whose countenance I found quite as much lengthened as my own. Our regret increased when our host, who had just got out of bed again (at nine o'clock in the evening) told us that he was quite miserable not to have been apprised two hours earlier, for he would have given us some pigeons *à la crapaudine;* but his pigeons were now in the pigeon-house, and his chickens alive: he had however sent to the *poste* for a leg of mutton, and we should have with it some salad and some fresh eggs. These commons appeared to us somewhat short; but it was much worse, when, a moment after, his cook returned, enraged against the mistress of the *poste*, who

(7) We wish we could believe that these vehement lamentations about a bad dinner were ironical.

positively refused, she said, to *lend* her the leg of mutton. He offered us, in lieu, some veal cutlets, which we accepted. We were a little uneasy as to his wine, when we discovered by chance a letter (8), advising him of the arrival of a cask of old wine of Volnay of a superior quality. We were delighted at this discovery, and soon turned the conversation to the subject of what wine he usually drank. He told us vin de Bar; and that as the last vintage in that country had failed, he had thought of sending for some Burgundy, which had arrived about fifteen days ago, but that he had been advised to let it rest a month before he tapped it. We now fancied ourselves in a true Spanish inn (9); and we were sorrowfully remarking how appropriate was the appellation of *Marche en famine;* but, to our

(8) It seems that the writer and M. d'Avaray did not scruple to amuse themselves with reading the letters which they found on their host's table.

(9) The Spanish inns provide no *food* for travellers.

great and very agreeable surprise, the supper was tolerably good; and M. Donné (the name of our host), who proved a pleasant companion, had the kindness to tap, although prematurely, his wine of Volnay, which was really very good.

On the following day the Duc de Laval joined us, with his second son, and several young men. M. de Falhouet, a gentleman of Brittany, offered to go forward, in order to bring me quicker news, if he should meet any courier. I accepted this offer, and we set off; but we had scarcely proceeded two leagues when we saw M. de Falhouet returned, bringing the melancholy intelligence of the affair of Varennes.

I might here end my narrative; the task of my dear d'Avaray was fulfilled; and the part which devolved upon me, in consequence of the arrest of the King, falls more within the scope of general history than within that of a private memoir; but I have still some recol-

lections, which I wish to set down in this place; and those who have felt sufficient interest in the recital I have made of events which concern only myself, to have induced them to read on to the end, will not, perhaps, be sorry to find them here.

My grief may easily be conceived: I regretted the success of my own attempt; and, for a moment, I thought of returning to France, and assuming again my own fetters, in order to share those of my unfortunate relatives; but I considered that, without rendering them any service, I should sacrifice not only myself, but which was much dearer to me, my friend and deliverer, whom nothing could have induced to part from me. On his part, as if he had penetrated into my thoughts, he told me immediately, that if I conceived that I ought to return into France, he intreated me not to be withheld from so doing by any consideration that related to him, and that he would follow me every where without uneasiness.

This new proof of his courageous attachment would have sufficed for my determination, if I had not already taken it. I ordered the driver to take us back to Marche; and on the road we met the Duc de Laval, whom I took into the carriage. My tears, which had not flowed at the first instant, now came to my relief, and I was able to reflect more coolly on what I had to do, in commencing the new career opening to me. On our arrival at Marche, we were joined there by the son of M. de Bouillé (1), who informed us of the details of the unfortunate event which had destroyed all our hopes. I was well inclined to go, in the first instance, to take some rest at Brussels; but as the road from Marche to Namur, which is the shortest way, runs very near the frontier, and it was

(1) Probably the chevalier, the younger son; who is still alive in America, and whose son lately challenged the Duc of Choiseul in Paris for some reflections on his father's conduct in the affair of Varennes.

reported that some acts of hostility had been committed, we deliberated for a moment whether we should not proceed by Liege. Having, however, taken a survey of our arms, and finding that we could fire sixteen pistol-shots, which would be more than enough against a party that could not be otherwise than small, we resolved to return to Namur, proceeding like a convoy. I took the precaution merely of sending M. de Betizy (2), one of the young men I mentioned before, to General de Moitelle, with a request that he would send us an escort of houlans. M. de Betizy made such good speed, the general showed so much good will, and the houlans so much zeal, that they met us three leagues from Namur, and we arrived there without other accident than that of breaking down once more, through the awkwardness of the postillion.

(2) Probably the Count Charles de Betizy, since celebrated for the exclamation with which he closed one of his speeches in the Chamber of Deputies, Vive le roi quand même—

The pleasure which I derived from finding MADAME in this town was embittered by the recollection of the situation of the rest of my family, and the comparisons which I involuntarily made between their fate and ours. Determined on rejoining the Comte d'Artois, I wrote to him that I was going to Brussels to wait for tidings of him, and to learn where we might meet: and, for greater security, I sent two couriers to him, one by Luxembourg, and the other by Aix-la-Chapelle. In the mean time, as I knew that the Bishop of Namur intended to invite me to reside at his palace, and I was aware that the clergy in the Netherlands had behaved ill in the Revolution, I consulted General de Moitelle, who advised me to accept the invitation; and we accordingly left our Inn, and went to the episcopal residence. We found there a very good supper; but we had much difficulty in getting rid of the officious attentions of the bishop, who wanted to make us drink much more than we liked, and especially some

aniseed, a species of *liqueur* stronger than kirsch-wasser. The following day, before we set off for Brussels, I wrote (taking the chance of its being delivered) a letter for the King, the Queen, or my sister; but this letter never reached its destination.

It had been my intention to go to a hotel at Brussels, but the Archduchess (3) would by no means consent to it, and she assigned for our residence a small house attached to the palace; the palace itself not being fit to receive us, as she had been obliged to strip it of its furniture during the late troubles. All the French in the city applied to see me; but I was too much afflicted for the fate of my unfortunate relatives to be able to see any one. The next day I received a letter from the Comte d'Artois, announcing his approach. I went to meet him, and, in embracing a brother, a friend, from whom our common misfor-

(3) Sister of the Emperor, and governess of Austrian Flanders.

tunes had separated me for nearly two years, I forgot, for a moment, my past sorrows, my present uneasiness, and my fears for the future. The joy he expressed at seeing me gave me less pleasure, perhaps, than the manner in which he received my dear d'Avaray.

Having learned, however, that the King and his family had returned to Paris, and that at least their lives were for the present in safety, we resolved to appear in public; and the Archduchess had the goodness to lend us her state-room, to enable us to receive our countrymen. The pleasure they evinced at seeing me again, and that which I myself felt, soon turned my thoughts towards him who had procured me this affecting scene, and I hastened to fulfil the sacred duties of gratitude, by loudly acknowledging the obligations I was under to my deliverer. I was well repaid for so doing; for, on leaving me, the whole nobility went in a body to pay him a visit. Let me be allowed to say it, of

all the flattering things I have experienced during my life, this afforded me the greatest satisfaction: there was no doubt a grain of self-love mixed up with it; but friendship and gratitude had far the greatest share in it.

The eight days which I spent at Brussels were, perhaps, the busiest of my whole life. Placed suddenly at the head of one of the greatest political machines that have ever existed, I had not only to carry on the current affairs, but also to learn the past, of which I had remained ignorant in my prison, in order to apply it to the present. I do not believe I could have got through the business without the Comte d'Artois, who, far from regretting the arrival of a colleague, by whom, after all the pains he had taken, he might be deprived of a share of the glory, hastened to instruct me, to assist me, to put me forward, and to add to my consequence: in a word, he behaved not merely as a brother, but like a most affectionate son: it was Charles the

Fifth (4) throwing himself into the arms of King John after his captivity. I felt his kindness in a very peculiar and affecting manner, at the audience of leave which we gave to the nobility, before we left Brussels. I shall not attempt to describe the scene; I should never express sufficiently what I felt.

We set off on the 3d July for Liege, and went to the Hotel of the Aigle Noir. As we were very numerous, and the hotel was not large, we had but one room for d'Avaray and me. This circumstance, which reminded me of the time, still so recent, when travelling in nearly the same country, we existed alone for each other on the face of the earth, afforded me lively satisfaction. On the 4th, we arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, and found there the King of Sweden (5), who, better informed than myself

(4) The Dauphin (afterwards Charles V.) governed France during the captivity of his father John, made prisoner at Poictiers in 1356.

(5) Gustavus III., who, on the 6th March following, was assassinated at a masked ball at Stockholm.

of the plan for the King's escape, had come to this place under the pretext of the waters, but, in reality, in order to be nearer the scene of action, in which his elevated mind desired to take a part. I have forgotten to mention, that as soon as he heard of the arrest of the King, he wrote to me a handsome letter on the subject; and it was a singular circumstance, that this letter was brought to me by the same Baron de Lieven, who, in 1772, had brought to the late King, my grandfather, the news of the revolution which had placed the crown on the head of Gustavus the Third.

We remained a day at Aix-la-Chapelle, to converse more freely with this sovereign, with whom we had so much reason to be satisfied.

I received also another very sincere gratification in this town: the Comte d'Hautefort, a friend of d'Avaray from their earliest youth, had no sooner learned my escape, than leaving all his family at Heidelberg, where he had settled, he hastened to meet us, and we found

him on our arrival at Aix-la-Chapelle. I was much affected by this mark of attention on the part of a person who was as yet known to me only as an agreeable acquaintance; but I was much more pleased at seeing my deliverer derive another advantage from what he had done for me, in meeting a friend from whom he had been separated nearly two years. His vanity might, on more than one previous occasion, have been flattered, but he now enjoyed a satisfaction of the heart, which it was impossible that mine should not partake; and since I have been better acquainted with the Comte d'Hautefort, my regard has become my own personally.

The 6th we slept at Bonne, at the Elector of Cologne's, with whom we had settled it at Aix-la-Chapelle; and the 7th we arrived at Coblentz.

The Elector of Treves, my uncle, had had the goodness to lend his chateau of Schonbornslust to the Comte d'Artois before my

escape; and he did the same favour to MADAME and myself. I remembered having seen him in France thirty years before, and I had a real pleasure in seeing him again. The reception he gave us was the forerunner of all the kindness he has since shown to us, and to all the French who were collected around us by their zeal in the cause of the altar and the throne.

It is here that, properly speaking, I began my political life; and here I might terminate my narrative; but I should not be content, nor would, I apprehend, my readers, if I said nothing more. Three weeks had elapsed since my escape, and I had yet done nothing for my deliverer. I grieved more than I can tell that the *prince* should remain ungrateful, whilst the *friend* so loudly expressed his gratitude. At length I received a letter from the Duc de Levis, who, after some reproaches on the total ignorance in which I had left him, con-

cluded by giving in his resignation (6). The moment I received this letter I hastened to d'Avaray, who was almost surprised when I appointed him the successor of the Duc de Levis, and who thanked me as much as if I were not discharging a sacred debt, and as if I did not feel a thousand times more pleasure in discharging than in contracting it.

I know not what may be the fate of my country, or my own; but whatever lot Providence may intend for me, it can never take from me so much as it has given to me, in such a friend as my dear d'Avaray.

(6) Of place of captain of Monsieur's guards.

PRIVATE MEMOIRS

OF WHAT PASSED IN

THE TEMPLE,

FROM THE IMPRISONMENT OF THE ROYAL FAMILY TO THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN.

BY

MADAME ROYALE, DUCHESS OF ANGOULEME.

NOTICE.

The following pages are written by the only survivor of the prisoners of the Temple,—the Duchess of Angoulême, Princess Royal of France.

Her name does not indeed appear in the title-page, but there is hardly a page which does not afford internal evidence of its authenticity.

The notes from which it was composed, we are told, were made at the moment by stealth, and with pencils which Her Royal Highness contrived to conceal from her persecutors. The last line implies that they were written in the Temple.

It will be observed that several passages are obscure, and one or two contradictory: there are frequent repetions, and a general want of arrangement. All these, which would be defects in a regular history, increase the value of this Journal: they attest its authenticity, and forcibly impress on our minds the cruel circumstances of perplexity and anxiety under which it was written; and the negligence and disorder, if I may use the expression, in which the Princess appears before us, *become* her misery better than a more careful and ornamented attire.

It is a great proof of her good taste, as well as of her conscientious veracity, that she has not permitted any polishing hand to smooth down the colloquial simplicity of her style, and the irregular, but forcible, touches of her expression.

This narrative was first published in 1817; it has been lately republished with some slight variations, and a greater appearance of authority. In the first edition, the Princess was made to speak in the third person, and one or two omissions were made. The translation (which originally appeared in 1817) has been revised and accommodated to the new edition, and the variations are mentioned in the notes.

There are some little differences on minor points between Her Royal Highness's account and those of M. Hue and Clery. These might have been easily corrected or omitted: but, again, we think the Duchess has acted with perfect good taste and judgment, in leaving these passages as they were originally written. Those who will take the trouble to compare hers with the other two accounts will see that these trifling variances (and they are very trifling) instead of invalidating, support the credit of all the narrators, and prove that they all faithfully report the impressions or the information which they severally received.

MEMOIRS,

&c. &c.

[1792.]—The King my father, and his family, reached the Temple at seven o'clock in the evening of the 13th August, 1792. The gunners wanted to take him alone to the *Tower* (1), and to leave us in the *Palace* of the

(1) The Temple, which had its name, like our Temple, from the knights templars, consisted of two distinct buildings;—the *palace* of the Temple, which faced the Rue de Temple, where one of the princes of the blood usually resided (latterly the Count D'Artois lived there), and the *tower* of the Temple, which was situated in the space behind the palace. The *tower* consisted of a great square tower, with a round tower at each corner; and on one side there was a small addition, which was usually called the Tourelle or Turret, though the small round towers were also so called. The tower of the Temple was so little known in Paris, that some of those who at-

Temple, but Manuel(2) had by the way received an order to shut us all up in the *Tower*. Petion appeased the anger of the gunners, and the order was executed. Petion went away, but Manuel remained, and the municipal officers would not let the King out of their sight: he supped with his family. My brother was dying with sleep. At eleven o'clock Madame de Tourzel took him to the tower, which was positively to be the common lodging of all. About one o'clock in the morning, my father and the rest of the family were conducted thither;—there

tended the King never saw or heard of it till the fatal night his majesty was confined there. Mr. Hue gives an interesting description of his first and uncertain view of this curious old edifice. Buonaparte, anxious to extinguish all recollections of ancient times, razed the Temple.

(2) We shall give, in the course of the work, notices of the most remarkable personages whose names we may meet; but they occur in such a number in these first pages, that the notes would overwhelm the text.

was nothing ready for our reception. My aunt slept in the kitchen, and it was said that Manuel himself was ashamed at showing her the way to such a bedchamber.

These are the names of the persons who were confined with us in this melancholy abode:—

The Princess of Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel, and Pauline her daughter: Messrs. Hue and Chamilly (3), who slept in a room above; they belonged to my father: Madame Navarre, my aunt's waiting-woman, who, as well as Pauline, slept in the kitchen with her. Madame St. Brice, who took care of my brother; she slept in the billiard-room with him and Madame de Tourzel. Madame Thibaut, the Queen's woman, and Madame Bazire, mine, lay down stairs. My father

(3) First valet-de-chambre of the King. His fidelity to his master affected even the Septembrisers at La Force, who spared his life; he was, however, brought to the guillotine in June, 1794.

had three men, Turgis (4), Crétien, and Marchand.

Next day, the 14th, my brother came to breakfast with his mother, and we all went afterwards to visit the great rooms of the Tower, where it was said that accommodations were to be prepared for us, as the turret was too small to hold us all.

The next day, Manuel and Santerre having come, we went to walk in the garden. There was a great deal of murmuring against the ladies who had accompanied us: on our arrival we had found some women

(4) These persons had been menial servants of the King, and, with a provident devotion to his person, contrived to get employed in the Temple. Of Crétien and Marchand I know nothing more; but Turgis continued to distinguish himself by his courage and fidelity to the royal family. At the risk of his life, he kept up their communication with their friends. Madame Elizabeth peculiarly valued him, and the Duchess of Angoulême has since placed him in her own family.

appointed by Petion to wait upon us; and although we rejected them, there was, the next day but one, a decree of the Commune(5), ordering the dismissal of those who had come with us: but my father and mother having formally opposed this, and the municipal officers who were engaged in the Temple having joined them, the order was for the moment revoked.

'We all passed the day together. My father taught my brother geography; my mother history, and to get verses by heart; and my aunt gave him little lessons in arithmetic. My father had fortunately found a library (6),

(5) The Commune, or common council, of the city of Paris, took very early a prominent share in the revolutionary government. It was often as powerful, and generally more mischievously active, than even the National Assemblies or Convention. All that belonged to the custody, or rather persecution, of the royal family, was, by this atrocious junto, jealously affected to itself.

(6) The archives of the Order of Malta were kept in

which amused him, and my mother worked tapestry. The municipal officers were very familiar, and showed little respect even for the King; one of them always kept sight of him. My father asked to have a man and woman sent in to do the coarser kind of menial work.

The night between the 19th and 20th August, a new order of the Commune directed the removal from the Temple of all the persons who were not of the royal family. M. Hue and Chamilly were removed from my father, who remained alone with a municipal officer.

They then came down to carry away Madame de Lamballe. My mother strongly opposed this, saying (what indeed was true), that this princess was of the royal family (7);

the Tower, and this library was attached to the office of the archivist or keeper.

(7) The Princess de Lamballe was of the house of Savoy, and the widow of Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Lamballe, son of the Duke of Penthievre. She was united in the strictest affection and friendship

they nevertheless carried her away. My aunt went down with Madame de Navarre and Pauline de Tourzel; the municipal officers promised that these ladies should return when they had been examined. My brother was taken into his mother's apartment, that he might not be left alone. The

with the Queen; and when the arrangements for the journey to Montmedy, better known by the name of the *flight to Varennes*, obliged them to part for a moment, Madame de Lamballe made her way to England; but when she heard of the Queen's recapture, not all the persuasions of her friends, nor all her own forebodings of her fate, could prevent her hastening to rejoin her royal friend; whom she accompanied and cheered, during her dreadful trials, with unexampled fortitude and devotion, till the separation here mentioned; which was followed in a few days by the massacre of this amiable woman, under circumstances of unmanly cruelty and cannibal atrocity, unparalleled in the annals *even of France*. She, as well as the Queen, had been the object of the most brutal calumnies: but in the hour of trial, in their agony, and in their death, how nobly did these august persons refute the slanders of their ignorant and malignant libellers!

Queen could not tear herself from the arms of Madame de Lamballe. We embraced all these ladies, hoping however to see them again next day, and we all four passed the night without sleep. My father, though awake, also remained in his bedchamber, and the municipal officers never left him.

Next day, at seven o'clock, we learned that the ladies would not return to the Temple, and that they had been taken to the prison of La Force (8): but we were very much surprised, at nine o'clock, to see M. Hue (9) return, who said that the council-

(8) The palace of the noble family of La Force, which had been purchased by the government, and converted into a prison.

(9) M. Hue is the author of a most interesting and valuable work, called "The last Year of the Life "and Reign of Louis XVI." This worthy servant has distinguished himself by a fidelity at once chivalrous "and useful to his master and his family. He is immortalized in the King's will. After he was dragged from the Tower, during the massacres of September, 1792, he never forgot his duty; he was still inde-

general of the Commune had pronounced him innocent, and sent him back to the Temple.

After dinner, Petion sent a man of the name of Tison, and his wife, to do the coarse work. My mother took my brother into her own room, and sent me with my aunt into another. We were only separated from my mother by

fatigable in the service of the royal prisoners: there was no sort of danger which he did not risk for them; and his devotion was limited only by his anxiety that they should not lose his services. He accordingly remained in Paris during the whole reign of terror, witnessing the gradual diminution of the royal family by the guillotine, or ill usage; and, in spite of personal danger, never could be persuaded to leave that bloody city till the *Orphan of the Temple* was sent to Germany, when he followed, and rejoined her. He afterwards came with her to England, and was one of those who accompanied Louis XVIII. when he sailed from Dover in April, 1814, to ascend a throne of danger, anxiety, and care; where he needed, almost as much as his unhappy brother, that energy, that self-confidence, that adherence to high principles, that devotion to his friends, that severity towards his enemies, which are not to be found in the character or councils of either.

a little room, where a municipal officer and a sentinel were placed. My father remained above stairs; but, having learned that they were preparing another apartment for him—which he by no means wished for, because he would be thereby still farther removed from his family—he sent for Palloi (1), the foreman of the labourers, to prevent the work being proceeded in; but Palloi replied insolently, that he received no orders but from the Commune.

We went up every morning to the King's apartment to breakfast; and afterwards the whole family returned to the Queen's, where the King passed the day. We went every day to walk in the garden, for the sake of my brother's health, where the King was always insulted by the guard. On the feast of St.

(1) Palloi's claim to be employed in fortifying the *new* state-prison was his supposed share in the destruction of the *old*. He was a mason, and boasted of being one of the conquerors of the Bastille.

Louis, at seven o'clock in the morning, *Ca Ira* was sung under the walls of the Temple.

We learned that morning, by a municipal officer, that M. de la Fayette (2) had quitted France. Manuel, in a conversation with my father in the evening, confirmed the report. He brought my aunt a letter from her aunts at Rome (3). It was the last the family received from without. My father was no longer called King. He was treated with no kind of respect; and, instead of "Sire," or "Your "Majesty," was called only Mr. or Louis. The officers always sat in his presence, and never took off their hats.

(2) La Fayette, after an alternation of wickedness and weakness, lost all courage and hope; and, abandoning duties which he had arrogated to himself, fled basely enough from a storm of his own raising; leaving the unhappy victims of his follies, his faults, and his perfidy, to perish on the scaffolds of his late associates. His desertion saved him from the guillotine, to be one of Buonaparte's Chamber of Deputies.

(3) Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire, daughters of Louis XV., who had with some difficulty escaped out of France in 1790.

They deprived him of his sword (4), and they searched his pockets. Petion sent Clery (5) to wait upon him, who had been before in my father's service; but he, at the same time, sent as turnkey and gaoler the horrible man (6) who had broken open his door on the 20th (7) of

(4) See Mr. Hue's touching account of the sensibility with which the King felt this indignity.

(5) Clery, the author of a most interesting "Journal "of what passed in the Tower of the Temple, during "the Captivity of Louis XVI." Of a lower rank, and possessing less power of being useful, Clery's affectionate and heroic fidelity places him nevertheless by the side of Monsieur Hue. Clery did not live to see the restoration; he died at Vienna on the 10th of June, 1809; and on his tomb is inscribed, "Here lies the "faithful Clery!"

(6) The name of this wretch was Rocher: he was a saddler by trade, and afterwards had a commission in the armies. Our readers recollect that *Rocher* was the name assumed by the Queen in the flight to Varennes.

(7) Every body knows that on the 20th of June the king's palace was forced by the mob, in whose hands the royal family remained for several hours. The conduct of all the members of this unhappy family, on this trying occasion, was, in the highest degree, courageous and noble. Two circumstances in particular cannot be too often repeated. At a critical

June, 1792, and who had been near assassinating him. This man never left the Tower, and was indefatigable in endeavouring to torment him. One time he would sing the *Carmagnole*, and a thousand other horrors before us; again, knowing that my mother disliked the smoke of tobacco, he would puff it in her face, as well as in that of my father, as they happened to pass him. He took care always to be in bed before we went to supper, because he knew that we must pass through his room. Sometimes, even, he would be in bed as we went to dinner: in short, there was no species of torment or insult that he did not practise. My father

moment of the riot, a grenadier told the King not to be afraid:—the King put the man's hand to his heart, and said, "Feel whether it beats more quickly than "usual." The mob, mistaking Madame Elizabeth for the Queen, began to ill-treat her: some of the attendants, alarmed for her safety, exclaimed, "It is not the "Queen!"—"Alas!" said the generous Princess, "why do you undeceive them?"

suffered it all with gentleness, forgiving the man from the bottom of his heart. My mother bore it with a dignity of character that frequently repressed their insolence. The garden was full of workmen, who often insulted my father. One of them, even boasted before him that he wished to split the Queen's head with the tool with which he was working. Petion, however, caused him to be arrested.

These insults increased on the 2d of September. They even threw stones at my father from the windows, which fortunately did not reach him. About the same time, a woman, probably with good intentions, wrote on a large piece of paste-board, "*Verdun is* "*taken*," and held it up to a window (8). My aunt had time to read it, though none of the officers saw it. Hardly had we heard this news, when a new municipal officer, named

(8) The windows of the houses in the adjoining streets overlooked the garden of the Temple.

Mathieu (9), arrived; he was in a furious passion, and ordered my father to go in: we all followed, fearing to be separated from his majesty.

On going up stairs, Mathieu found Mr. Hue, whom he seized by the collar, crying out, that he arrested him. Mr. Hue, to gain time to receive the commands of my parents, asked for some delay, that he might pack up his effects. Mathieu refused; but another officer, more charitable, consented. Mathieu then turned to my father, and said to him every thing that the most brutal rage could suggest: amongst the rest he exclaimed—"The drum has beat to arms; the tocsin has "sounded; the alarm-guns have been fired; "the émigrants are at Verdun; if they come, "we shall all perish; but *you shall die first!*"

(9) Almost the last words Louis spoke were to ask pardon of this wretch, whose brutality had betrayed the King into an expression of impatience. Cléry calls him Mathey; but it was the same person.

My father heard all this, and a thousand such sallies, with the calm that hope inspires. My brother burst out crying, and ran into another room. I followed him, and had the greatest difficulty in quieting him. The poor child fancied his father already murdered. Mr. Hue now came back, and, after Mathieu had gone through his violence over again, they went away together. Fortunately, Mr. Hue was taken only to the Town-house, for the massacre was already begun at the Abbaye. He remained a month in prison; but, when he was released, he did not return to the Temple.

The other officers all disapproved the ferocious conduct of Mathieu, but they could do no more. They told my father that it was universally believed that the King of Prussia was advancing and killing all the French he met, under an order signed *Louis*. There was no species of calumny which they did not invent, even the most absurd and incredible.

The Queen, who could not sleep, heard the drums beating all night, but we knew not why.

The 3d of September, Manuel (1) came to see the King, and he assured him that Madame de Lamballe, and all the other persons who had been removed from the Temple, were well, and in security together, in the prison of La Force. At three o'clock, just

(1) An attorney, son of a porter, tutor in a gentleman's family, and at last a Jacobin and Conventionalist. He was the attorney-general of the commune of Paris, the soul of the insurrection of the 20th of June, and a great contributor to that of the 10th of August. He moved that the King should be sent to the Temple, volunteered to be his gaoler there, and became his proselyte. Touched by the candour, virtue, and innocence of the royal family, "almost he was persuaded "to become" a royalist. He voted against the King's death, he denounced the massacres, and, after escaping assassination, perished on the scaffold, the 14th of November, 1793, at the age of forty-two. The dreadful moment, to him, must have been when, on his reaching his prison, his fellow-sufferers assailed him with every mark of indignation, for crimes which he had now learned to detest as much as they did.

after dinner, and as the King was sitting down to tric-trac with my mother (which he played for the purpose of having an opportunity of saying a few words to her unheard by the keepers), the most horrid shouts were heard. The officer who happened to be on guard in the room behaved well: he shut the door and the window, and even drew the curtains, to prevent their seeing any thing; but, on the outside, the workmen, and the gaoler, Rocher, joined the assassins, and increased the tumult.

Several officers of the guard and of the municipality now arrived: the former insisted that my father should show himself at the windows; fortunately the latter opposed it; but, on my father's asking what was the matter, a young officer of the guard replied, "Well! "since you will know, it is the head of Madame "de Lamballe that they want to show you." At these words my mother was overcome with horror; it was the only occasion on which

her firmness abandoned her. The municipal officers were very angry with this young man; but the King, with his usual goodness, excused him, saying, that it was not the officer's fault, but his own, since he had questioned him.

The noise lasted till five o'clock. We learned that the people had wished to force the door, and that the municipal officers had been enabled to prevent it only by putting a tri-coloured scarf across it, and by allowing six of the murderers to march round our prison with the head of the Princess, leaving at the door her body, which they would have dragged in also. When this deputation entered, Rocher shouted for joy, and at the sight of the bloody head, scolded a young man, who turned sick with horror at this spectacle.

The tumult was hardly over, when Petion (2),

(2) Petion, an advocate of Chartres, a tool of the Duke of Orleans, member of the States-General,

instead of exerting himself to stop the massacres, coolly sent his secretary to the King with some money. This man was very ridiculous, and said a thousand things which at another moment would have made one laugh. He thought my mother was standing up out of respect for him; because, since this dreadful scene, she had remained standing and motionless, perfectly insensible of all that was going on. The municipal officer, who had given his scarf to tie across the door, took care to make my father pay him the value.

My aunt and I heard the drums beating to arms all night; my unhappy mother did not even attempt to sleep; we heard her

mayor of Paris, a conventionalist, and a regicide. He and Robespierre were called *two fingers of the same hand;* but he soon found, that Robespierre had four fingers against his one. Their enmity was almost as bloody as their friendship had been. Petion was outlawed; and, escaping the gentler death of the scaffold, was found in the woods dead, and half-devoured by wild beasts.

sobs. We did not believe that the massacre was still going on, and it was only some time after that we learned that it had lasted three days.

It is impossible to describe all the violent scenes which were occasioned, as well by the municipal officers as by the guard; every thing alarmed their guilty consciences. One day, a man having fired a gun in the Temple, to try it, they examined him with great ceremony, and drew up a formal account of the transaction. Another time, during supper, there was a cry "To arms!"—they believed the Prussians were coming. The brutal Rocher drew his sabre, and said to my father, "*If they come, I shall kill you.*" It was nothing, however, but some mistake of the patroles.

On one occasion, however, about a hundred workmen, led perhaps by some friend of our family, undertook to force the iron gate at the

side of the Rotunda (3); the guard and municipal officers hurried to the spot; these workmen were dispersed, and perhaps, alas! there were some lives lost.

The severity of these municipal officers increased daily. There were, however, two of them who alleviated the sufferings of my parents, by showing them pity, and by giving them hopes. I am afraid they are dead. There was also one sentinel, who, through the keyhole, had a conversation with my aunt. This poor man did nothing but weep the whole time he was in the Temple; may Heaven have rewarded him for his affectionate attachment to his sovereign!

When I took my lessons, and my mother wrote out extracts of books for me, a municipal officer continually looked over my shoulder, thinking we were employed in con-

(3) A circular building on the N.E. side of the enclosure of the Temple.

spiracies. They had refused us the newspapers, that we might not know the state of affairs abroad. One day, however, they brought one to my father, telling him it contained something interesting for him. Monsters!—it was a statement that they would make a cannon-ball of his head. The calm and contemptuous silence of my father disappointed the malice of those who had sent this infernal writing. There was also a municipal officer who came one night, and, after a thousand insults and threats, repeated what had been before said, that, if the enemy advanced, we should all perish. My brother alone, he said, "excited some pity; but that, "being the son of a tyrant, he must needs die "with the rest." These were the scenes which each day brought with it.

The republic was proclaimed on the 22d September; they communicated it to us with great joy: this day they also reported the re-

treat of the Prussians. We could not believe it, but it was true.

In the beginning of October they removed pens, paper, ink, and pencils; they searched every where, even with rudeness: that did not, however, prevent my mother and me from concealing some pencils, which we preserved. My father and my aunt gave up theirs.

The evening of the same day, after my father had supped, he was told to stop, that he was not to return to his former apartments, and that he was to be separated from his family. At this dreadful sentence the Queen lost her usual courage: we parted from him with abundance of tears, though we expected to see him again in the morning.

In the morning, however, they brought us our breakfast separately from his: my mother would take nothing. The officers,

alarmed at her silent and concentrated sorrow, allowed us to see the King—but at meal-times only, and on condition that we should not speak low, nor in any foreign language, but loud, and in *good French*. We went down therefore with the greatest joy, to dine with my father. One of the officers observed that Madame Elizabeth had spoken low to the King: he chid her violently.

In the evenings, when my brother was in bed, my mother and my aunt sat with him alternately, while the other went with me to sup with my father. In the mornings, after breakfast, we remained in the King's apartments, while Clery dressed our hair, as he was no longer allowed to come to my mother's room, and we had, besides, by this arrangement, the pleasure of spending a few moments more with my father.

One day Manuel came to my father, and took from him, with great rudeness, his red

ribbon (4). He assured him, that, of all the persons who had been in the Temple, Madame de Lamballe alone had perished. An oath of fidelity to the *nation* was now administered to Clery, Tison, and his wife.

One night a municipal officer coming on duty, awakened my brother suddenly, that he might see that he was safe; this was the only occasion in which my mother showed any impatience at the conduct of these people. Another of them told my mother that Petion's design was not the death of my father, but to confine him for life with my brother, in the castle of Chambord. I cannot tell what this man's object could be in repeating this story, for he never came again.

(4) The Cordon of St. Louis. The Order of the St. Esprit had been abolished by the assembly; and the King, scrupulous in obeying even the most unjust decrees which took the shape of a law, had ceased to wear it.

They had now placed my father in an apartment under that of my mother: my brother slept in the former. Clery and a municipal also officer slept in the same apartments. The windows were blocked up with new gratings and blinds; the chimnies (5) smoked very much.

The following is the way our family passed their days.

My father rose at seven, and was employed in his devotions till eight. Afterwards he dressed himself and my brother, and at nine came to breakfast with my mother. After breakfast, my father taught my brother his lessons till eleven. The child then played till twelve, at which hour the whole family was obliged to walk in the garden (6), what-

(5) The former edition described those chimnies as being only stove funnels.

(6) This, it will be seen, applies only to a small portion of the time. The luxury of a walk in the garden was soon denied to them.

ever the weather might be; because the guard, which was relieved at that time, wished to see all the prisoners, and satisfy themselves that we were safe. The walk lasted till dinner, which was at two o'clock. After dinner my father and mother played at tric-trac or piquet, or, to speak more truly, pretended to play, that they might have an opportunity of saying a few words to one another. At four o'clock, my mother and we went up stairs and took my brother with us, as my father was accustomed to sleep a little at this hour. At six my brother went down again to my father to say his lessons, and to play till supper-time. After supper, at nine o'clock, my mother undressed him quickly, and put him to bed. We then went up to our own apartment again, and the King did not go to bed till eleven. My mother worked a good deal of tapestry: she directed my studies, and often made me read aloud. My aunt was frequently in prayer,

and read every morning the divine service of the day. She read a good many religious books, and sometimes, at the Queen's request, would read aloud.

They permitted us to have newspapers again, that we might see the retreat of the Prussians, and the horrid libels against the King, of which they were full. One day, one of these people said to us, "Come, "ladies, I have good news for you: several "emigrant traitors have been taken: if you "are patriots, you must be glad of it." My mother, as usual, made no reply, and did not even appear to hear him. Her calm contempt, and her dignified air, generally struck them with respect. They seldom ventured to speak to *her*.

A deputation (7) of the Convention came,

(7) The names of the members of this deputation, as given by Clery, differ a little from Madame's—neither, perhaps, mention *all* that came.

for the first time, to see the King in the Temple: the members asked him whether he had not any complaint to make. He replied No; that, while he was permitted to remain with his family, he was happy. Clery complained that the tradesmen who supplied the Temple were not paid. Chabot answered, "The nation is "not reduced to half-a-crown." These deputies were Chabot(8), Dupont(9), Drouet(1), and Le Cointre-Puyravaux (2): they came

(8) Chabot, a capuchin, an apostate, and a regicide: he was guillotined on the 5th of April, 1794.

(9) Dupont, one of those cold-blooded philosophers who affected to discuss abstract questions, while their colleagues were shedding the noblest blood of Europe. He was a regicide, and boasted in the tribune that he was an atheist: these two qualities could not fail to recommend him to Buonaparte, who employed him.

(1) Drouet, the same who arrested the King at Varennes. The reader will not fail to observe the calculated cruelty of sending this man to the Temple.

(2) Le Cointre-Puyravaux, a lawyer and regicide. He pronounced his judgment in the following elegant and logical formula:—"I represent the people; the "people has been assassinated by the tyrant. I vote

again after dinner to repeat the same questions. One day Drouet came alone, and asked my mother if she had no complaint to make. She made him no answer.

A short time after, as we were at dinner, some gendarmes arrived, who fell upon Clery, and forced him off to one of the tribunals. Some days before, Clery, in going down stairs in company with one of the municipal officers, had met a young man of his acquaintance, who was on guard. They wished one another good morning, and shook hands. The officers took umbrage at this, and caused the young man to be arrested. It was to be confronted with him before the tribunal that Clery was now taken. My father entreated they might be allowed to return. The municipal officers said he would

"for the death of the tyrant." So late as 1798, he wished to enforce the atrocious sentence of death against the emigrants. He was one of Buonaparte's commissaries of police in his reign of 1815, but I know not what has since become of him.

not return. He did, however, return at midnight. He asked the King's pardon for his past conduct, which the kindness of my father, the exhortations of my aunt, and the distress of the whole family, induced him to change. He was ever after truly faithful to us(3).

One day a great noise was heard of a mob crying out for the heads of my father and mother. They had the cruelty to yell these horrors under our windows.

My father fell ill of a violent cold. They permitted him to send for a physician and his apothecary, Lemonnier and Robert. The Commune was uneasy; there was a regular bulletin of his health. He got better. The whole family had colds, but the King's was the most serious.

The Commune was changed the 2d of December. The newly-elected municipal officers

(3) This expression of dissatisfaction at one part of Clery's conduct was omitted in the original edition.

came at ten o'clock at night to *reconnoitre* (4) my father and his family. Some days after, there was a decree of this new Commune, to turn away Clery and Tison; to take from us our knives, scissors, and other sharp instruments; and finally, that whatever we ate should be previously and carefully tasted. A search was made for sharp instruments: my mother and I gave up our scissors.

On the 11th of December, the sound of a drum, and the noise of the arrival of troops at the Temple, gave us a great deal of uneasiness. My father came down with my brother after breakfast. At eleven o'clock, Chambon (5)

(4) This will seem a strange expression, but it is the very word used by the Duchess, and I know not how I could better express the hostile and prying visits of these men.

(5) A physician of little note, raised to the infamous dignity of mayor of Paris, by the almost incredible accident of having opponents baser and more obscure than himself. He was an Orleanist, and partook the character of his party, for he was as weak as he was wicked. He was despised by all parties, and chiefly

and Chaumette (6), the mayor and attorney-general of the Commune, and Colombeau (7),

by his own, which knew him best. His life ended as it began, in obscurity. I have not been able to discover when he died.

He must not be confounded with Chambon, the conventionalist, who voted for the death of the King, but with an appeal to the people; and who was killed in a farm at Lubersac, in 1793, in the overthrow of the Orleanist party, to which he also belonged.

(6) Attorney of the Commune of Paris, son of a shoemaker; he was successively a cabin-boy, a postillion, a stationer's clerk, and an attorney. He was for a long while the idol of the mob, and the terror and scourge of Paris; but at last even Robespierre felt alarmed at his audacious profaneness and cruelty, and he enveloped him in the proscription of the Hebertists. There is a striking description of the meanness and cowardice of this wretch, when he met in prison crowds that he had himself sent thither. He was guillotined on the 13th April, 1794; and the only truth he ever, perhaps, spoke, were his last words, "That those who had sent him there deserved to "follow him."

(7) I know nothing of Colombeau, but that he was one of the municipality of the 10th of August. This office, and the anecdote in the text, sufficiently characterize him.

the secretary, arrived. They announced to him a decree of the Convention, that he should be brought to its bar to be examined. They obliged him to send my brother to his mother's apartment; but, not having the decree of the Convention, they kept my father waiting two hours. He did not go till about one o'clock, when he went in the mayor's carriage with Chaumette and Colombeau. The carriage was escorted by municipal officers on foot. My father observing, as they went along, that Colombeau saluted a great number of persons, asked him if they were all friends of his; Colombeau answered, "They "are brave citizens of the 10th of August, "whom I never see but with the greatest "pleasure."

I shall not say any thing of the conduct of my father at the bar of the Convention. All the world knows it: his firmness, his mildness, his goodness, his courage, in the midst of an assembly of murderers

thirsting for his blood, can never be forgotten, and must be admired by the latest posterity.

The King returned at six o'clock to the tower of the Temple, under the same escort. It is impossible to describe the anxiety which we had suffered in his absence. My mother had used every endeavour with the officers who guarded her, to discover what was passing; it was the first time she had condescended to question them. These men would tell her nothing. It was only on my father's arrival that she was informed.

When he returned, she asked to see him instantly. She made the same request even to Chambon, but received no answer. My brother passed the night with her; and, as he had no bed, she gave him hers, and sat up all night in such deep affliction, that we were afraid to leave her; but she obliged my aunt and me to go to bed.

Next day, she again asked to see my father, and to read the newspapers, that she

might learn the course of the trial. She entreated, that at least, if she was to be denied this indulgence, his children might see him. This request was referred to the Commune. The newspapers were refused; but my brother and I were allowed to see my father on condition of being *entirely separated* from my mother. When this was conveyed to my father, he said that great as his happiness was in seeing his children, the important business which then occupied him would not allow of his attending altogether to his son, and that his daughter could not quit her mother. My brother's bed was in consequence removed into my mother's room.

The Convention came to see my father. He asked for counsel(8), ink, paper, and

(8) It ought never to be forgotten that Louis had the noble confidence to select for his counsel, against a charge of violating the constitution, one of the chief framers of that constitution, the lawyer Target; and that this wretched preacher of law and liberty, and liberality, had the baseness to decline this honourable and, to a man of professional feeling, indispensable duty.

razors to shave. All these requests were granted. Messrs. Malesherbes (9), Tronchet(1) and Desèze, who were assigned as his counsel, came to see him. He was often obliged, in order to converse with them without being overheard, to retire into the turret.

He went no more into the garden, nor did we (2). He knew nothing of us, nor we of him, but through the municipal officers. I had something the matter with my foot; and my father, having heard of it, was, with his usual tenderness, very uneasy about me, and

(9) M. de Malesherbes was illustrious by his life, and even, if possible, more so by his death, which was as heroic as that of Sir Thomas More. He was the relation of M. de Chateaubriand, now minister of foreign affairs.

(1) Tronchet a little impaired the character he had obtained by his accepting the defence of the King, by taking an office under the Usurper. He died in March, 1810.

(2) The phrase is "*ainsi que nous*;" and though, strictly, it might be rendered *as we did*, yet it seems as if it really meant *nor did we*.

made constant inquiries. Our family was so fortunate as to find, amongst the members of the Commune, some men whose compassion alleviated our sufferings. They assured my mother that my father would not be put to death, and that his case would be referred to the primary assemblies, who would undoubtedly save him.

Alas! they deceived themselves; or, through pity, intended to deceive my mother.

On the 26th December, St. Stephen's (3) day, my father made his will, because he expected to be assassinated that day on his way to the bar of the Convention. He went thither, nevertheless, with his usual calmness, and left to M. Desèze (4) the care of his defence.

(3) Some expectation seems to have been entertained that the feast of the proto-martyr was to be further stained by the martyrdom of the eldest son of the church: a title of which the Kings of France were proud.

(4) M Desèze has been consistent in the course of

He left the Temple at eleven o'clock, and returned at three. Henceforward he saw his counsel every day.

[1793.]—At last, on the 18th January, the day on which the sentence was pronounced, the municipal officers entered the King's room at eleven o'clock, saying, that they had now orders never to lose sight of him for a moment. He asked if his fate was decided. They answered, No.

Next morning M. Malesherbes came to acquaint him that the sentence had been pronounced; "but, Sire," he added, "these "wretches are not yet masters, and every "honest man will endeavour to save your "Majesty, or to die at your feet." "M. de "Malesherbes," said the King, "such pro- "ceedings would involve a great many per- "sons, and would excite a civil war in Paris.

integrity and honour. He is now first president of the high court of appeals, in France.

"—*I had rather die*(5).—You will there-
" fore, I entreat of you, command them from
" me to make no effort to save me—the King
" of France never dies!"

After this conference he was never allowed to see his counsel again. He addressed a note to the municipal officers, to ask to see them, and to complain of the hardship of being kept under perpetual inspection. No attention was paid to his representations.

On Sunday, the 20th January, Garat(6), the minister of justice, and the other members of the executive power, came to announce to him the sentence for his execution next

(5) In all the course of the Revolution the King never could be persuaded to risk the shedding of blood; this was attributed to *pusillanimity*: we now see that it was a feeling compatible with the highest personal courage.

(6) Garat, an editor of a newspaper, and minister of *justice!*—the friend of Pâche and Hebert, the tool and almost the victim of Robespierre. He survived,

day. My father heard it with fortitude and piety: he demanded a respite of three days, to know what the fate of his family was to be, and to have a catholic confessor. The respite was refused. Garat assured him that there was no charge against his family, and that it would be sent out of France. The Abbé Edgeworth(7) de Firmont was the priest he wished for. He gave his address, and Garat brought him. The King dined as usual,

however, and became one of the vilest adulators of Buonaparte, who made this jacobin a count of the empire; this sansculotte, a knight of the legion of honour; this man of the 10th of August, a legislator; in which character he showed his gratitude, by voting, in March, 1814, for deposing Napoleon the First; and, in 1815, he was again for deposing him, but it was only to put in his place Napoleon the Second. I know not what is become of him.

(7) Henry Essex Edgeworth was born at Edgeworth's-town, in Ireland, of which his father was vicar; but he resigned this preferment on account of religious scruples, and removed with his family into France, where they embraced the Roman Catholic

which surprised the municipal officers, who expected that he would endeavour to commit suicide.

About seven o'clock in the evening we learned the sentence by the newsmen, who came crying it under our windows: a decree of the Convention permitted us to see the King. We ran to his apartment, and found him much altered; he wept for us, and not for fear of death; he related his trial to my mother, apologizing for the wretches who had condemned him; he told her, that it was proposed to attempt to save him by having recourse to the primary assemblies, but that he would not consent, lest it should excite confusion in the country. He then gave my bro-

faith. The name of Firmont was derived from Firmount, a family estate in the county of Longford. They were near relations of Mr. Edgeworth, who, as well as his daughter, are so well known in the literary world.

ther some religious advice, and desired, him above all, to forgive those who caused his death; and he gave him his blessing, as well as to me.

My mother was very desirous that the whole family should pass the night with my father; but he opposed this, observing to her how much he needed some hours of repose and quiet. She asked at least to be allowed to see him next morning, to which he consented. But, when we were gone, he requested that we might not be permitted to return, as our presence afflicted him too much. He then remained with his confessor till midnight, when he went to bed.

He slept till he was awakened by the drums at five o'clock. At six, the Abbé Edgeworth said mass, and administered the holy sacrament to my father. At nine o'clock he left the Temple. On the stairs, he delivered his will to a municipal officer, and a sum of

money, which M. de Malesherbes had brought him, and which he desired should be returned to him; but the officers shared it amongst themselves. He met one of the turnkeys (8), whom he had reprimanded rather sharply the day before: he now said to him, "*Mathieu, I am sorry for having offended you.*" On his way to the scaffold, he read the prayers for those at the point of death.

On the scaffold he wished to have spoken to the people; but Santerre (9) prevented him by ordering the drums to beat: what little he

(8) The atrocious Mathieu, before mentioned.

(9) A brewer in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, the most populous and turbulent part of Paris. His weight in that quarter, and his violent character, advanced him to the chief command of the National Guard of Paris; a distinction which his natural ferocity justified. Though he had no kind of military talents, he had great pretensions, and actually marched at the head of a considerable army, to effect the conquest of La Vendée, according to plans of his own devising. He was beaten every where. One time he was missing, and it was thought that he had been killed in the field of battle; a death so much too honourable for him,

was allowed to say was heard by very few. He then undressed himself without assistance. His hands were tied, not with a rope, but with his own handkerchief. At the instant of death, his confessor exclaimed, "Son "of St. Louis, ascend to heaven (1)!"

He received the stroke (2) of death on

that the following derisory epitaph was circulated on the occasion:

"Ci git le Général Santerre,
"Qui n'eut de Mars que la *bière*."

In confirmation of the old proverb, he and Robespierre soon disagreed, and the death of the latter only saved the former, who afterwards lived quietly in Paris, having contrived to remunerate himself for his public services by obtaining a grant of the vast space on which the Temple stood.

(1) This sublime exclamation was so much the impulse of the Abbé's feelings at the moment, that he uttered it (if at all) unconsciously. He did not recollect having used that expression, but he owned that he was nearly unconscious of all that passed at that dreadful crisis.—See his Memoirs, by C. S. Edgeworth, London, 1815.

(2) The reader will not fail to observe, that the name of the fatal instrument which deprived her parents of existence is never once mentioned by Madame.

Sunday, the 21st of January, 1793, at ten minutes past ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Thus died Louis XVI., King of France, at the age of thirty-nine years, five months, and three days, of which he had reigned eighteen. He had been five months and eight days in prison.

Such was the life of my father during his rigorous captivity. In it were displayed piety, greatness of mind, and goodness;—mildness, fortitude, and patience, in bearing the most infamous insults, the most malignant calumnies;—Christian clemency, which heartily forgave even his murderers;—and the love of God, his family, and his people, of which he gave the most affecting proofs, even with his last breath, and of which he went to receive the reward in the bosom of his almighty and all-merciful Creator.

On the morning of this terrible day we rose at six. The night before, my mother had scarcely strength enough to put my

brother to bed. She threw herself, dressed as she was, upon her own bed, *where we heard her shivering with cold and grief all night long.* At a quarter past six, the door opened: we believed that we were sent for to see the King; but it was only the officers looking for a prayer-book for the King's devotions. We did not, however, abandon the hope of seeing him, till the shouts of joy of the infuriated populace told us that all was over!

In the afternoon, my mother asked to see Clery, who had remained with the King till his last moments (3), and who had probably some message for her. We were anxious that she should receive this shock of seeing Clery, in hopes of its occasioning a burst of grief, which might relieve her from that

(3) Clery was not permitted to accompany the King beyond the Temple, so that this expression means *till his departure from the prison*; unless, as is probable, Madame had not, at the time she wrote this, known the exact state of the fact.

state of silent and choking agony in which we saw her.

In fact, Clery had been intrusted by my father with delivering to my unhappy mother her wedding-ring (4), with a message that "he "never would have parted with it but with his "life." He had also given him a parcel with the hair of all his family, saying, that "it had been "so dear to him, that he had carefully pre-"served it till that moment." The officers reported that Clery was in a frightful state, and in despair at not being allowed to see us. My mother made her request to the Council General, through the commissioners of the Commune; she also demanded mourning for her family. Clery was kept for a month longer in the Temple, and then released.

(4) This was, I presume, a ring given to the King by the Queen, on their marriage. In the Moniteur of the 25th of January, 1793, it is described as a gold ring, with the following inscription engraved on the inside: "M. A. A. 19 Aprille, 1770;" meaning, I suppose, Marie Antoinette, Archiduchesse d'Autriche. The marriage took place the 16th of May, 1770.

We had now a little more freedom; our guards even believed that we were about to be sent out of France; but nothing could calm my mother's agony. No hope could touch her heart; and life and death became indifferent to her. She would sometimes look upon us with an air of pity which made us shudder. *Fortunately* (5) my own affliction increased my illness to so serious a degree, that it made a diversion in the mind of my mother. My physician Brunier, and Lacase, a surgeon, were sent for. They cured me in the course of a month.

We were allowed to see the persons who brought our mourning, but only in presence of the municipal officers. My mother would go no more to the garden, because (6) she must have passed the door of the room my father had inhabited, and that she could not

(5) What a touching expression of extreme grief!

(6) This was the woman whose contempt for, and indifference to her husband, was for so long the favourite calumny of the Revolutionists.

bear; but, fearing lest want of air should prove injurious to my brother and me, she asked, about the end of February, to be permitted to walk upon the leads of the Tower, which was granted.

It was discovered, in the room of the municipal officers, that the sealed parcel which contained the seal, the ring, and some other things of the King's, had been broken open, and the things carried away. These men were very uneasy about this, but at last they believed that the things had been taken by some thief, for the sake of the gold in which the trinkets were set. But the person who took them was no thief; he acted with the best intentions, to save them for my mother, who desired that the ring and seal should be carefully preserved for her son. I know who this worthy man (7) was; but, alas! he has

(7) Probably the municipal officer, Michonis, who was afterwards put to death for his indulgence to the Queen in the Conciergerie.

since been put to death, not, indeed, on this account, but for another good action. I cannot venture to name him; hoping that, before he perished, he may have been able to convey these precious reliques to some trusty hand.

When Dumouriez left France, we were again more closely confined. A wall was built between the tower and the garden. A kind of blind was erected on the parapet of the leads, and every hole stopped up with the greatest care.

On the 25th of March, the chimney took fire. It was that evening that Chaumette, *procureur* (attorney) of the Commune, came, for the first time, to *reconnoitre* my mother, and to know whether she wanted any thing. She asked nothing but a door of communication with her sister's room: (The two terrible nights which we passed with her, my aunt and I were obliged to lie on mattrasses on the floor.) The officers opposed this; but Chau-

mette said, that, in the state of decline in which my mother's health appeared to be, this indulgence might be necessary, and that he would speak of it to the general council of the Commune. Next morning he returned, at ten o'clock, with Pâche (8) the mayor, and that dreadful Santerre, the commander-in-chief of the national guard. Chaumette told my mother that he had mentioned her request for the door to the council, but that it had been rejected. She made no observation. Pâche asked her whether she had no complaint to make. She, without attending to what he was saying, answered, "No," mechanically.

A short time after this, some officers hap-

(8) The son of the Mareschal de Castries' porter. This nobleman had given him some education. He was elected mayor on the 15th February, 1793. But, though a furious Jacobin, Robespierre wished to get rid of him, and he escaped the scaffold, which he deserved, only by Robespierre's fall. He has since lived in obscurity.

pened to be on guard, whose compassion alleviated in some degree our sorrows. We latterly had attained a great facility in distinguishing the sentiments of the people who came to watch us; the Queen particularly; who often prevented us from being the dupes of false pretences of pity.

There was also another man who interested himself in our behalf. I know all who felt for us; I dare not name them for fear, in the present state of things, of endangering them, but the recollection of their kindnesses is engraved on my heart. I perhaps may never be able to show my gratitude, but God will reward their charity, and if I should be ever able to name them, they will be revered and loved by every virtuous and feeling heart (9).

(9) This passage was not in the original edition, and it is to be regretted, that in the latter publication those interesting names are not stated. Madame had given a pledge which ought to have been redeemed.

But persecutions of all sorts increased. Tison was prohibited from seeing his daughter; this vexed him. One evening, seeing a stranger admitted, who brought some clothes to Madame Elizabeth, he flew into a rage that this man should be admitted while his relations were excluded. He let fall some expressions which were reported to Pache, who happened to be down stairs, and who immediately determined to examine Tison. He asked him what had dissatisfied him. He replied, "The not seeing my daughter; and "the seeing certain other persons here, who "do not conduct themselves as they ought" (meaning that some of the municipal officers used to speak low to my mother and aunt). He was asked their names: he stated them, and added, that we had correspondences without.—When asked for his proofs, he replied, "That one evening, at supper, the "Queen, in pulling out her pocket-handker-"chief, had dropped a pencil; and that one

" day he had found some wafers and a pen in " a box in Madame Elizabeth's room." After this deposition, which he signed, his wife was examined. She repeated the same story; accused several of the officers; asserted that we had had communication with the King during his trial; and denounced Brunier, the physician, who attended me for my sore foot, as having brought us intelligence. She also, induced by her husband, signed all this; but she bitterly repented it, as we shall see hereafter. This denunciation was made on the 19th of April. She saw her daughter next day.

On the 20th, at half past ten o'clock, my mother and I had just gone to bed, when Hebert (1) arrived, with several municipals. We

(1) The editor of the most infamous of the revolutionary newspapers, the *Journal du Père Duchèsne.* It was by the express orders of this monster that Madame de Lamballe was massacred. After having sent numbers of his own associates to the scaffold, he was, at

got up hastily; and these men read us a decree of the Commune, which directed that we should be searched (2) without reserve; this decree was accurately obeyed, even to searching our beds. My poor brother was asleep: they tore him from his bed, under pretence of searching it. My mother took him up shivering with cold. All they found were a shopkeeper's card which my mother had happened to keep; a stick of sealing-wax from my aunt; and, from me (3), a heart dedicated to our Saviour, and a prayer for the welfare of France. This search lasted till four o'clock

last, sent thither himself, on the 21st of March, 1794. He had married a nun, who was guillotined a few days after him.

(2) "De les fouiller à discrétion." This phrase is, thank Heaven! untranslatable into our language: none but the monsters of the French age of liberality and reason could have thought *à fouiller à discrétion des femmes.*

(3) "Un sacré cœur de Jesus." Religious tokens of this kind are hung round the necks of children in Roman-Catholic countries.

in the morning. They made a formal inventory of all they found, which they obliged my mother and aunt to sign, by threatening that, if they did not do so, they should be separated from my brother and me. They were exasperated at finding only such trifles.

Three days after they came again, and then sent for my aunt alone.

They examined her on the subject of a hat which they had found in her room. They asked her where she got it, how long she had had it, and why she kept it. She answered, that it had belonged to my father, that he had worn it during the first days of his residence in the Temple, and that she had asked it of him as a keepsake. The municipal officers replied, that this hat was a suspicious circumstance; and, although she insisted on keeping it, they took it from her, obliging her to sign her answer.

My mother went every day on the leads, for the sake of giving us a little air. My

brother had for some days complained of a stitch in his side; but on the 9th of May, at seven in the evening, he was seized with a violent fever, accompanied with head-ache, and still the pain in his side. During the first days he would not lie in bed, for he complained that he was suffocating. My mother was alarmed, and asked the officers to send for a physician. They assured her that the illness was nothing, and that her maternal anxiety had alarmed her unnecessarily: they, however, mentioned it to the council, and asked, in my mother's name, for our physician Brunier. The council laughed at my brother's illness, because Hebert reported that he had seen him at five o'clock, and that he had then no fever. They therefore positively refused the attendance of Brunier; whom it will be recollected Tison had lately denounced.

The fever, however, grew worse and worse: my aunt had the goodness to take my place in my mother's room, in order that I might not be

exposed to the infectious air of the disease, and that she might assist her sister in attending on the poor sick boy. She therefore took my bed, and I slept in her room.

The fever lasted several days, and was always most violent towards evening. My mother continued every day to request the attendance of a physician, but could not obtain it. At last, on Sunday morning, Thierry came; he was physician of the prisons, and appointed by the Commune to attend my brother. As he came in the morning, he did not perceive much fever; but my mother having requested him to call again in the afternoon, he found it violent, and he undeceived the municipal officers as to their opinion that my mother was alarmed at a trifle. He said, on the contrary, that it was more serious than she believed. He had, at the same time, the civility to call upon Brunier, to consult with him on the case, and as to the medicines which it might be proper to give

him, because Brunier was acquainted with my brother's constitution, having attended us from our infancy. He gave him some physic, which did him good; on Wednesday he made him take more, and that night I returned to sleep in my mother's room, who was greatly alarmed about the effect of this medicine, because, the last time he had taken any, he had had dreadful convulsions. She feared that he might have them again. She never closed her eyes all night: my brother, however, took his physic quietly, and it did him good, and occasioned no inconvenience.

Some days after, he took a second medicine, which also seemed to agree with him, except that he felt incommoded with heat. He had fits of fever, but only now and then, and occasionally the pain in the side. But his health began to decline, and was never re-established: want of air and exercise did him great mischief, as well as the kind of life which this poor child led; who, at eight years

old, passed his days amidst the tears and terrors of his friends, and in constant anxiety and agony.

For some time past I slept in my mother's room, for fear she or my brother should be ill in the night; but during his illness my aunt had taken my place.

On the 31st of May, we heard the drum beat to arms, and the tocsin ring, without being able to learn what the noise was about (4). We were forbidden to go on the leads to take the air,—a prohibition which was always renewed when there was any commotion in Paris.

In the beginning of June, Chaumette and Hebert came one evening about six o'clock, and inquired once more whether my mother wanted any thing, or had any thing to complain of. She answered No, and took no further notice of them. But my aunt asked Hebert for the hat (5) which has been already

(4) This was the conflict of the Jacobins with the Girondins, which ended in the overthrow of the latter party, and the execution of its principal members.

(5) See page 214.

spoken of, and which he had taken away from her. He replied, the council did not think proper to restore it. Then my aunt, seeing that Chaumette did not go away, and knowing how extremely my mother suffered (though she gave no sign of it) from his presence, asked him why he came, and for what he stayed? Chaumette answered, that being on a visit to the prisons, and all prisons being equal, he had come to the Temple. My aunt replied No, for that some persons were justly, and others unjustly, kept in prison. They were both intoxicated.

My brother was taken ill in the night, but Thierry having returned with a surgeon named Soupé, and another called Julapes, this indisposition had no bad consequences.

About this time, Madame Tison went mad. She was uneasy about my brother's illness, and had been long tormented with remorse: she got into a state of languor, and would not take the air. One day she began to talk

aloud to herself; alas! that made me laugh, and my poor mother and aunt looked at me with an air of satisfaction, as if they observed with pleasure this short moment of gaiety.

But the poor woman's derangement soon became serious: she raved of her crimes, of her denunciations, of prisons, scaffolds, the Queen, the royal family, and all our misfortunes. Conscious of her crimes, she thought herself unworthy to approach us; and she believed that the persons against whom she had informed(6) had perished. Every morning she was in anxious hope of seeing the municipal officers whom she had denounced; and, not seeing them, she went to bed every night in a deeper melancholy. Her dreams must have been dreadful, for she screamed in her sleep so loud, that we heard her.

The municipal officers permitted her to see

(6) See page 212.

her daughter, of whom she was very fond. One day, that the porter, who was not apprised of this permission, had refused to let the daughter come into the prison, the officers, seeing the desperate grief of the mother, sent for the girl at ten o'clock at night. This untimely visit alarmed her still more; it was with great difficulty they persuaded her to go down stairs, and on the way she repeated to her husband, "We are going to prison." When she saw her daughter, she did not know her; the fancy of being arrested had seized her mind. She was coming back again with one of the officers, but in the middle of the stairs she suddenly stopped, and would neither go backwards nor forwards. The officer, alarmed, was obliged to call for assistance to remove her up stairs; but nothing could induce her to go to bed, and during the whole night she disturbed us by raving and talking incessantly.

The next morning the physician pronounced

her quite mad. She was for ever at my mother's feet, asking her pardon; and nothing, indeed, could exceed the compassion which both she and my aunt showed to this poor creature, of whose previous conduct they had had too much reason to complain. They watched and attended her while she remained in this state in the Temple; and they endeavoured to pacify her with the warmest assurances of their forgiveness. The next day, she was removed from the tower to the palace; but her disorder increasing every hour, she was at last sent to the Hotel Dieu(7), where a woman belonging to the police was placed to watch her, and to gather whatever she might, in her phrensy, say concerning the Royal Family.

On the 3d of July, they read to us a decree of the Convention, that my brother should be separated from us, and placed in the most secure apartment of the tower. As

(7) The general hospital of Paris.

soon as he heard this sentence pronounced, he threw himself into the arms of my mother, and entreated, with violent cries, not to be separated from her. My mother was striken to the earth by this cruel order; she would not part with her son, and she actually defended, against the efforts of the officers, the bed in which she had placed him. But these men would have him, and threatened to call up the guard, and use violence. My mother exclaimed, that they had better kill her than tear her child from her. An hour was spent in resistance on her part, in threats and insults from the officers, and in prayers and tears on the part of all of us.

At last they threatened even the lives of both him and me, and my mother's maternal tenderness at length forced her to this sacrifice. My aunt and I dressed the child, for my poor mother had no longer strength for any thing. Nevertheless, when he was dressed, she took him and delivered him

herself into the hands of the officers, bathing him with her tears, foreseeing that she was never to see him again. The poor little fellow embraced us all tenderly, and was carried off in a flood of tears. My mother charged the officers to ask the council-general for permission to see her son, were it only at meals. They engaged to do so. She was overwhelmed with the sorrow of parting with him, but her horror was extreme when she heard that one Simon (8) (a shoemaker by trade, whom she had seen as a municipal officer in the Temple), was the person to whom her unhappy child was confided. She asked continually to be allowed to see him, but in vain. He, on his side, cried for two

(8) Simon, a shoemaker, was appointed *guardian* of the Dauphin. His chief duty was to debilitate his body and impair his understanding; and he, as we shall see in the text, succeeded but too well in the infernal task. He was involved in Robespierre's overthrow, and was guillotined the day after him, July 29th, 1794.

whole days, and begged without intermission to be permitted to see us.

The officers now no longer remained in my mother's apartment; but we were locked up together both night and day; it was indeed an alleviation of our misfortune to be delivered from such society. The guards now came only three times a day, to bring our meals, and to examine the bolts and bars of our windows.

We had now no one to attend us, and were all the better for it. My aunt and I made the beds, and waited on my mother. We often went up to the tower, because my brother went there too from the other side: the only pleasure my mothe renjoyed was seeing him through a chink as he passed at a distance. She would watch at this chink for hours together, to see the child as he passed. (9) It was her only hope, her only

(9) Pathetic as the whole of these Memoirs are, we cannot refrain from expressing the peculiar feeling which these passages excite.

thought. She now and then heard of him, either from the officers, or from Tison, who sometimes saw Simon. Tison endeavoured to make compensation for his past conduct; and he behaved better, and gave us some information.

As to Simon, he ill-treated my brother beyond all belief, and the more so because the poor boy cried at being separated from us: at last he had overcome him to such a point of dread, that he did not *dare to weep*. My aunt, who knew all this, entreated Tison, and those who, through compassion, brought us reports of the state of my brother, to conceal these horrors from my mother; who, however, either knew or suspected them but too well.

One day, a report was spread that my brother had been seen on the Boulevard. The guard, angry at not seeing him, reported that he was no longer in the Temple, and even we, alas! for a moment *hoped* that this might be true. But all were soon undeceived: the Conven-

tion directed him to be taken into the garden, that he might be seen. On this occasion, my brother, whose faculties they had not yet had time to alienate, complained of being separated from his mother, and asked by what law he was so treated; but they soon obliged him to hold his tongue. When the members of the Convention, who had been sent to ascertain the presence of my brother, had come up to my mother, she made a formal complaint against the cruelty of taking away her child. They answered, that they thought it a necessary precaution.

A new *Procureur General* had been lately appointed: he also came to visit us. Notwithstanding all we had been obliged to see and to suffer during our misfortunes, the manners of this man astonished us. From the moment he entered our room till his departure, he did nothing but *swear*.

On the 2d of August, at two o'clock in the morning, they awoke us, to read to my mo-

ther the decree of the Convention, which, on the requisition of the *procureur* of the Commune, ordered her removal to the Conciergerie(1), preparatory to her trial.

She heard this decree read without any visible emotion, and without speaking a single word to them. But my aunt and I immediately required to be allowed to accompany my mother: but even this favour was refused to us. During the whole time that my mother was employed in making a bundle of the clothes which she was to take with her, these officers never quitted her. She was even obliged to dress herself before them! They asked for her pockets: she gave them. They searched them, and took away every thing they contained, though there was no-

(1) The Conciergerie was originally, as the name imports, the *porters' lodge* of the ancient palace of justice, and, as was the case with our *Marshalsea*, became, in process of time, a prison, from the habit of confining there persons who had committed petty offences about the court.

thing of any importance. They sent them in a parcel to the Revolutionary Tribunal (2), and told the Queen this parcel would be opened in her presence, at the tribunal. They left her only a pocket-handkerchief and a smelling-bottle, lest she should feel ill. She was now hurried away, after having embraced me, and charging me to keep up my spirits and courage, to take a tender care of

(2) It may not be uninstructive to give a few details relative to the tribunal that murdered the Queen. It consisted of four judges—Herman, Foucaut, Verteuil, and Lanne—all of whom, except Verteuil (an apostate priest), perished on the scaffold within a year. Fouquier-Tinvelle, of bloody memory, was her accuser. This man grew frightened at the success of his prosecutions, and at the numbers he sent to death: he wished to draw back, but it was too late. He was often heard to say "My turn will come." It did come, and he was executed on the 6th of May, 1795. The jury consisted of a wig-maker, a printer, a tailor, a surgeon, an ex-deputy of the Convention, a crier, a carpenter, a house-painter, &c.; and several of these are *known* to have perished on the scaffold within a few months; the fate of the rest is unknown.

my aunt, and to obey her as a second mother: she repeated to me the instructions I had already received from my father: she then threw herself into the arms of my aunt, and recommended her children to her care. The thought of seeing my mother for the last time was so terrifying, that I was incapable of making any answer. At last, my aunt having said a few words to the Queen, in a whisper, she departed without daring to cast another look on me, lest she should lose her firmness.

She was obliged to stop again at the foot of the tower, because the officers insisted on making a procés-verbal of the delivery of her person. In going out, she struck her forehead against the wicket, not having stooped(3) low enough. They asked her whether she

(3) Mathieu, the gaoler, used to say, "I make Madame Veto (the queen), and her sister and daughter, proud as they are, salute me; for the door is so low they cannot pass without curtsying."

had not hurt herself: she replied, *No; nothing can hurt me now.* She got into a carriage with one municipal officer and two gendarmes.

On her arrival at the Conciergerie, they put her into the filthiest, dampest, and most unwholesome room of the whole prison. A police soldier watched her day and night, and never lost sight of her (4). My aunt and I were inconsolable, and spent many days and many nights in tears, though they had assured my aunt, when her sister was removed, that no harm should happen to her.

The company of my aunt, whom I loved so tenderly, was a great consolation to me; but, alas! all that I loved was perishing around me, and I was soon to lose her also.

The day after the Queen's removal, my aunt entreated, with great earnestness, in her own name and mine, to be allowed to join my mother; but she could not obtain this indulgence,

(4) The reader will not fail to observe all the horrible consequences which these words imply.

nor even any account of her. As she knew that my mother, who had never drunk any thing but water, could not drink that of the Seine, as it did not agree with her, she begged the officers to take her some of that of Ville D'Avray (5), which came every day to the Temple. They promised to do so, and made an order accordingly; but one of their colleagues took it into his head to oppose this arrangement, and the order was never carried into effect.

A few days after, my mother, in order to obtain some tidings of us, endeavoured to send to the Temple for some things which were useful to her; and, amongst others, her knitting-box, because she had undertaken to knit a pair of stockings for my brother. We sent it to her, with all the silk and worsted we could find, as we knew how fond she was of this kind of occupation. In happier times she was never without work, except when she

(5) An agreeable little village about half-way between St. Cloud and Versailles.

was obliged to be in public; and, accordingly, she had worked an immense quantity of furniture, and even a carpet, and an infinite quantity of all kinds of tapestry. We collected, therefore, every thing we could for her, but all our care was thrown away; and nothing that we sent was delivered to my mother. The alleged reason was, an apprehension that she should endeavour to shorten her life, by means of the knitting-needles (6).

For some time, we heard of my brother from the municipal officers. That indulgence, however, did not last; but we heard him every day singing the *Carmagnole*, Marseilles songs, and such trash, with Simon. Simon dressed him in a red cap, and a carmagnole (7). He

(6) In the Conciergerie the Queen found a bit of old tapestry which she unravelled, and, by the aid of two pieces of wood, she knitted the threads into garters.

(7) I do not know what article of dress they called by this name. I presume it was a kind of jacket, such as the lower orders in France wear, and which was probably therefore honoured with the name of *carmagnole*.

made him sing at the windows, that the guard might hear him; and he taught him the most horrid oaths and execrations against God, his own family, and the aristocrats. My mother fortunately was ignorant of these horrors. Oh, my God! what pain it would have given her! She was gone before the child had learned this infamous lesson. It was an infliction which the mercy of Heaven was pleased to spare her.

Before she had left the Temple, they came to ask her for the Dauphin's clothes. On this occasion, she expressed her wish that the son of Louis the Sixteenth should not cease to wear mourning; but the first thing Simon did was to take away his black coat.

Towards the end of August, the change of life, and the ill usage with which he was overwhelmed, made him sick. Simon forced him to eat to excess, and to drink large quantities of wine, which he detested. This diet

soon brought on a fever; for which they gave him physic, which disagreed with him, and his constitution became altogether deranged. He grew extremely fat, without increasing in height or strength. Simon, however, still made him take the air on the leads of the tower.

In the beginning of September, I had an indisposition caused solely by my anxiety about my mother: I never heard a drum that I did not expect another 2d of September: every day I went upon the leads with my aunt. The officers visited us closely thrice a day, but their severity did not prevent our receiving now and then some hints of what was passing abroad, and particularly about my mother, which was our greatest concern.

In spite of all the efforts and vigilance of these cruel men, we always found some compassionate hearts, who felt for us. We learned that the Queen was accused of having had a

correspondence beyond the walls of the prison; we therefore hastened to get rid of our writings, our pencils, and whatever we had still preserved, fearing that we might be undressed and searched before Simon's wife, and that finding these things on us might endanger my mother; for we had contrived, notwithstanding the most minute searches which were made in our chambers, and amongst all the furniture, to conceal ink, paper, and pens. We learnt too that my mother might have escaped (8) from the *Conciergerie*. The wife of the keeper (9) was not insensible to her misfortunes, and paid her every possible attention.

(8) This seems very doubtful; there were, I believe, more than one plot for this purpose, but they all seem but little likely to have succeeded.

(9) The keeper's name was Richard. He and his wife both showed feelings of humanity, which, though in other times they would not have attracted much notice, were, in the then state of France, considered as very extraordinary.

The officers came again for linen for my mother, but they would not give us any account of her state of health. They even took away from us some pieces of tapestry which my mother had begun, and on which we were working, under pretence that these works might contain mysterious characters, and a secret mode of writing.

On the 21st of September, at one in the morning, Hebert arrived with several officers, to execute an order of the Commune, that we should be confined more strictly than heretofore; that we should have but one room; that Tison, who did the coarse household work, should be put in prison in the turret; that we should have nothing but what was strictly necessary; that there should be a kind of slide made in the door of our room, by which our victuals were to be conveyed to us; and finally that, except to bring us water and firewood, no person should be allowed to enter the room.

The slide in the door was not made, and the officers still continued to come three times a day, and examine very carefully all the bars and bolts, and every kind of furniture. We were obliged to make our own beds, and sweep the room: this was a long work at first, from our awkwardness at it, but we were obliged to do it, for we had at last absolutely no one to assist us. Hebert told my aunt that equality was the first law of the French republic; and, other prisoners not being allowed attendants, we could no longer have Tison. In order to treat us with all possible severity, they deprived us of even the most trifling accommodations; an armed chair, for instance, in which my aunt used to sit, and several other little matters of the same kind. Nay, things of strict necessity were denied us.

When our meals came, the doors were suddenly clapped to, that we might not even see the persons who brought them. We no

longer heard any news, except by the hawkers, whose cries now and then reached us, but, in spite of all our attention, indistinctly. We were forbidden to go on the leads, and were deprived of our large sheets, lest, notwithstanding the gratings, we should escape from the windows. This was the pretext alleged; but the real cause of the change was a desire to substitute coarse and dirty sheets.

I believe it was about this time that the Queen's trial began. I have learnt, since her death, that there was a plan for effecting her escape from the Conciergerie, which unhappily failed. I have been assured that the gendarmes who guarded her, and the wife of the gaoler, had been gained over; that she had seen several well-affected persons in the prison, and, amongst others, a clergyman, who had administered the sacrament to her, which she had received with the utmost devotion.

The opportunity of escaping failed, once, because, instead of speaking to the *second*

sentinel, as she had been desired to do, she addressed the *first.* Another time she had already got out of her dungeon, and had passed one of the corridors, when a gendarmes obliged her to turn back, and the whole scheme failed. These attempts will not surprise us if we recollect that all honest men took an interest in the Queen's fate, and that (with the exception of the vile and ferocious wretches, who were, alas! too numerous) every one who was permitted to speak to her, see her, or approach her, were touched with pity and respect, so well did her affability temper the dignity of her manners. We knew none of those details while they were passing. We had only heard that a Chevalier de St. Louis had given her a pink with a note concealed in it, but, as we were confined closer than ever, we could not learn the result (1).

We were every day visited and searched

(1) M. Hue gives the detail of this affair. The Chevalier de Rougeville managed to get invited to dinner at

by the municipal officers. At four o'clock in the morning of the 4th of September, they came to make a complete search, and to carry off every article of plate and china. They took the little that was left; and, as some articles were wanting, they insulted us with an accusation of having stolen them! —but it was their own colleagues who had secretly taken the articles. They found, behind a chest of drawers of my aunt's, a rouleau of Louis d'ors, which they immediately seized with extraordinary eagerness, and questioned

the house of Michonis, a municipal officer, one of the inspectors of prisons in Paris, and there contrived very adroitly to obtain leave (to gratify his *curiosity*, as he pretended) to see the Queen. He wore a nosegay, which he pretended a lady had given him: in this was the pink, which contained a note with these words, "I have men and money at your disposal." When he was admitted to the Queen, he offered her the pink. She took it, and found the note; but, as she was endeavouring to trace an answer with the point of a pin, the guard surprised her, and all was discovered. M. de Rougeville escaped, but Michonis was beheaded.

her minutely as to whence it came, how long she had it, and for what use she had kept it. She replied, "That it had been given her by "the Princess de Lamballe after the 10th of "August; and that she had preserved it ever "since." They then asked her who had given it to Madame de Lamballe. She answered, that she did not know. In fact, Madame de Lamballe's waiting-women had found means to convey this money to her in the Temple; and she had given it to my parents. They also examined me, and asked me my name, as if they had not known it; and made me sign an account of the transaction.

At noon on the 8th of October, while we were employed in dressing ourselves, and arranging our bed-room, Pâche, Chaumette, and David(2), members of the Convention, with

(2) David, a painter, and one of the regicides. When Robespierre was attacked the day before his final overthrow, David addressed him in the enthusiasm of their bloody friendship—"*If you are obliged to drink hem-*

several officers of the municipality, arrived. My aunt, who was not quite dressed, refused to open the door till she was. Pâche, addressing me, begged me to walk down stairs. My aunt would have followed, but they stopped her. She asked whether I should be permitted to come up again; Chaumette assured her that I should. "You may trust," said he, "on the word of an honest republican: she shall return."

I embraced my aunt, who was greatly affected, and went down greatly embarrassed

"*lock, I will drink it with you.*" Next day, however his appetite for hemlock was gone, and he very prudently took care to let his *Socrates* perish without him. It is said that he saved his life by asking a respite, that he might finish a picture. This is very likely; a false sensibility, and a pretence to a taste for the arts, garnished all the *solid* atrocities of the Revolution. David was said to have improved his knowledge of the anatomy of the human figure, by the opportunities which the massacres afforded him. Buonaparte, of course, highly favoured him, and made him a knight of the legion of honour.

at finding myself for the first time in my life alone with men. I did not know what they wanted with me, but I recommended myself to the protection of God. On the stairs, Chaumette affected to offer me certain civilities: I made him no answer. I found myself in my brother's room, whom I embraced tenderly; but we were soon torn asunder, and I was obliged to go into another room. Chaumette desired me to sit down, which I did. He sat down opposite to me, while a municipal officer took out his pen. Chaumette asked me my name, but Hebert continued the interrogatory.

Tell me the truth, he said: it is not intended to affect you or your friends.

Not to affect my mother?

No, but some other persons who have not done their duty. Do you know the Citizens Toulan (3), Lepitre, Breno, Brugnot, Merle, Michonis?

(3) Toulan was really in communication with the

No, sir.

That is false; particularly Toulan, that little young man who used to come so often on duty to the Temple?

I know nothing of him, nor of the rest.

Do you remember that you were one day alone with your brother in the turret?

Yes.

Your parents had sent you thither, that they might be more at their ease to speak to these people?

No, sir, but to accustom us to cold.

What did you do in the turret?

We talked and played with one another.

When you came out, did you not observe what these men had brought to your parents?

Queen. He was a violent republican; but the sight of the royal family touched him with pity, and it was said, at the time, a tenderer sentiment. It would seem, from Hebert's questions, that he partook this latter opinion, though it now appears that Madame Royale did not know Toulan. He was guillotined in June, 1794.

I did not see any thing.

Chaumette then questioned me about a thousand shocking things, of which they accused my mother and my aunt. I was so shocked at hearing such horrors, and so indignant, that, terrified as I was, I could not help exclaiming, that they were infamous falsehoods; but, in spite of my tears, they still pressed their questions.

There were some things which I did not comprehend, but of which I understood enough to make me weep with indignation and horror (4).

He then asked me several questions about Varennes and other things, to all which I answered as well as I could, without implicating any body. I had always heard my parents say, that it were better to die than implicate any body.

(4) It is obvious that these horrors were the atrocious calumnies against the morals of the Queen and Madame Elizabeth.

At last, about three o'clock, the examination was finished; it had lasted from noon. I entreated Chaumette to let me rejoin my mother, saying, with truth, that I had often made the same request of my aunt. "It is "out of my power," said he. "*What, Sir, you "could not obtain this favour from the general "council?*" "No, I have no authority there." He then sent me back to my apartment with the municipal officers, desiring me not to speak of what had passed to my aunt, whom they were going to examine also. When I reached my room, I threw myself into her arms; but we were soon separated, and she was desired to go down stairs.

They put the same questions to her as they had done to me relative to the men before mentioned. She answered, that she knew the persons and names of these officers and others, but that she had no kind of intercourse with them. She denied having any correspondence without the Temple, and

she replied with still more contempt to the shocking things about which they examined her also.

She returned at four o'clock: her examination lasted but an hour, though mine had lasted three, because the deputies saw that they had no chance of intimidating her as they had hoped to be able to do a young person by the length and grossness of their inquiries. They were, however, deceived: they forgot that the life which I had lived for four years past, and, above all, the example shown me by my parents, had given me more energy and strength of mind.

Chaumette had assured us that this interrogatory had no concern with my mother, nor even ourselves, and that they were not thinking of trying her. Alas! he deceived us: she was immediately after put upon her trial, and condemned to death; but we were aware of neither. The following are the only particulars which I afterwards heard.

She had two counsel (5), M. M. Ducoudray and Chaveau Lagarde. A number of witnesses were examined, some of whom were worthy persons; others, alas! were quite the reverse. Mathieu and Simon, gaolers of the Temple, were also examined. I think what my mother must have suffered in seeing those whom she knew were likely to approach us. Our doctor, Brunier, was brought before the court. They asked him if he knew the Queen. "*Yes.*" "How long?" "*Since* 1788, "*when the Queen intrusted to me the care of* "*her children's health.*" "When you went to "the Temple, you facilitated the prisoner's "correspondence with persons without the "walls?" The Queen then said, "*Doctor* "*Brunier, as you all know, never came to the*

(5) M. Tronçon-Ducoudray was exiled to Cayenne, where he died in 1798. M. Chaveau Lagarde is still alive, and has received the thanks and favour of the Royal Family, and particularly of Madame D'Angoulême. They both showed great talents and courage.

"*Temple but in company with a municipal* "*officer, and never spoke to us but in his pre-* "*sence.*" And, finally, unheard of persecution! we learned that the trial had lasted three days and nights without intermission. They put the most unworthy, the most horrid questions to her, on the same subject on which Chaumette had examined us, and which could never have entered the imagination of any but such monsters. "*I appeal* "*to every mother who hears me,*" was the only answer she made to this infamous accusation. The people were touched at it, and her terrified judges precipitated the sentence, from a dread of the effect which her dignity, presence of mind, and innocence, might have upon the people. She listened to it with perfect composure. They sent to attend her, in her last moments, a priest who had taken the new constitutional oaths. She at first declined his assistance with gentleness, and afterwards positively refused to listen to him or accept

his ministry. She knelt down, and prayed alone for a considerable time, coughed a little, then went to bed, and slept for some hours. Next morning, learning that the rector of St. Margaret's was in a part of the prison opposite to hers, she knelt down at the window facing his. I have been told that this clergyman perceived her, and gave her absolution, or his benediction. Then, having thus offered her life as a sacrifice to her Maker, she went to death with fortitude, amidst the execrations which a misguided multitude were uttering against her. Her courage did not abandon her in the cart or on the scaffold; and she showed as much fortitude at her death as she had done during her life.

Thus died, on the 16th of October, 1793, Marie-Antoinette-Josephe-Jeanne de Lorraine, daughter of an Emperor, and wife of a King. She was thirty-seven years and eleven months old. She had been twenty-three years

in France, and had survived her husband eight months.

We could not persuade ourselves that my mother was dead, though we heard her sentence cried about by the newsmen. A hope, so natural to the unfortunate, induced us to believe that she had been saved.

We could not think that all the world would abandon us. Besides, I do not know what may have happened out of doors, nor whether I myself shall ever be set at liberty, although they flatter me with hopes that I shall be released.

There were moments, however, at which, in spite of our reliance on foreign powers, we felt the liveliest alarm for my mother, when we heard the fury of the unhappy populace against the whole family. I remained for eighteen months in this cruel suspense.

We learnt, by the cries of the newsmen, the death of the Duke of Orleans; it was the only piece of news that reached us during

the whole winter(6); but the searches were soon renewed, and we were treated with increased rigour. My aunt, who had had, since the Revolution, an issue in her arm, found the greatest difficulty in procuring the necessary dressings for it: they were for a long while absolutely prohibited; but at last one of the municipal officers remonstrated on the cruelty of such conduct, and procured her the proper ointment. They also prevented our making a kind of herb-tea, which my aunt wished me to take every morning, on account of my health. Being no longer allowed fish on fast-days, we asked for eggs, or something else, which we could eat, without violating our religious scruples. These were refused to us, on the ground that equality admitted of no difference of days, that weeks had been abolished, that decades had been substituted in their room, and that *Fridays*

(6) Here in the first edition followed the words, "*It gave us a ray of hope.*"

and *Sundays* no longer existed; and they gave us an almanac of this new fashion, but we would not look into it.

One fast-day, that my aunt asked for something to eat, consistent with her religious opinions, they said to her, "*But, Citizen, do "you not know what is going on in the world? "None but fools believe in that stuff, now-a "days.*" She never made a second request.

The officers still continued their visits of search, particularly in the month of November, when we were ordered to be searched three times a day. One of their searches lasted from four o'clock in the evening to half-past eight. The four officers who made it were quite intoxicated. It is impossible to give any idea of their language, their insults, their curses, during these four hours. They carried away even the most trifling articles, such as hats, court-cards, because they are called Kings and Queens, and books which happened to have coats of arms in them.

They, however, left us our religious books, after ridiculing them in every term of filth and blasphemy which they could devise.

Simon accused us of forging assignats, and of having corresponded with my father during his trial; these charges he made in the name of my poor little brother, whom he forced to sign these falsehoods(7). My aunt had taught me the game of tric-trac to divert me, and the noise we made in playing was represented by Simon as coining; we, however, played tric-trac during the winter, which, in spite of the visits and searches of our inquisitors, passed away quietly enough. They gave us fire-wood, which they had at first refused us.

[1794.]—On the 19th of January we heard a great noise in my brother's apartment, and we guessed he was going to be removed from the Temple: we were con-

(7) See afterwards an account of the wonderful silence which the child imposed upon himself ever after having signed this declaration.

vinced of this, when, looking through the key-hole, we saw several parcels carried away. On the subsequent days we heard the doors open, and the sound of footsteps in the room: satisfied, therefore, that my brother was gone, we believed that some person of importance had been placed in his apartment. But it was Simon who was gone: obliged to choose between the situations of municipal officer and guardian of my brother, he had preferred the former, and they had had the cruelty to leave the poor child absolutely alone.

Unheard-of and unexampled barbarity! to leave an unhappy and sickly infant, of eight years old, in a great room, locked and bolted in, with no other resource than a broken bell, which he never rang, so greatly did he dread the people whom its sound would have brought to him: he preferred wanting any thing, and every thing, to calling for his persecutors. His bed had not been stirred for six months, and he had not strength to make it himself—it was alive with bugs, and vermin still more disgusting. His

linen and his person were covered with them. For more than a year he had had no change of shirt or stockings; every kind of filth was allowed to accumulate about him, and in his room; and, during all that period, nothing of that kind had been removed. His window, which was locked as well as grated, was never opened; and the infectious smell of this horrid room was so dreadful, that no one could bear it for a moment. He might, indeed, have washed himself, for he had a pitcher of water, and have kept himself somewhat more clean than he did; but, overwhelmed by the ill-treatment he had received, he had not resolution to do so, and his illness began to deprive him of even the necessary strength. He never asked for any thing, so great was his dread of Simon and his other keepers. He passed his days without any kind of occupation. They did not even allow him light in the evening. This situation affected his mind as well as his body, and it

is not surprising that he should have fallen into a frightful atrophy. The length of time which he resisted this persecution proves how good his constitution must have originally been.

During the winter, the keepers, in addressing my aunt and me, always *thee'd* and *thou'd* us (*nous tutoya.*) We despised their usual persecutions, but this last degree of gross familiarity (8) brought blushes in our face.

My aunt kept Lent strictly. She never breakfasted, but dined on a cup of milk coffee (it was her breakfast, which she saved); and, for supper, she ate only dry bread. She, however, desired me to eat what was brought me, because my age did not require that I should fast; but, as for herself, nothing could be more exemplary than her way of

(8) None but lovers or the most intimate relatives used this form of expression; and, such is the effect of habit, this mode of address from a stranger to a lady seemed an absolute indecency. This explains the *blushes* of the Princesses.

life. Though they had done all they could to deprive her of the means of obeying the dictates of her conscience in these particulars, she had not, on that account, neglected any of the duties of religion.

In the beginning of spring we were refused candles, and we were obliged to go to bed as soon as it grew dark.

Until the 9th of May nothing extraordinary happened. On that day, at the moment we were going to bed, the outside bolts of the doors were drawn, and a knocking was heard. My aunt begged of them to wait till she had put on her gown; but they answered that they could not wait, and knocked so violently, that they were near bursting open the door. When she was dressed, she opened the door, and they immediately said to her, "Citizen, come down."—"*And my niece?*"—"We shall take care of her afterwards." She embraced me; and, in order to calm my agitation, promised to return. "No, citizen, said they, "you shall not return:—take your bon-

"net, and come along." They overwhelmed her with the grossest abuse. She bore it all patiently, and embraced me again, exhorting me to have confidence in Heaven, to follow the principles of religion in which I had been educated, and never to forget the last commands of my father and mother. She then left me.

Down stairs they detained her a considerable time in searching her (though they found nothing), and in writing an account of their proceedings. At length, after a thousand insults, she was put into a hackney-coach, with the crier of the revolutionary court, and taken to the Conciergerie, where she passed the night. The next morning they asked her these questions.—

What is your name?

Elizabeth, of France.

Where were you on the 10th of August?

In the palace of the Thuilleries, with my brother.

What have you done with your jewels?

I know nothing about them; besides, these questions are wholly useless. You are determined on my death. I have offered to Heaven the sacrifice of my life; and I am ready to die—happy at the prospect of rejoining in a better world those whom I loved upon earth.

They condemned her to death (9). She asked to be placed in the same room with the other persons who were to die with her. She exhorted them, with a presence of mind, an elevation of soul, and religious enthusiasm, which fortified all their minds. In the cart she preserved the same firmness, and encouraged and supported the women who accompanied her. At the scaffold they had the barbarity to reserve her for the last. All

(9) Fury, fanaticism, fear, may have actuated the Jacobins in the murder of the King and Queen; but what, except wanton cruelty and thirst of blood, could have driven them to destroy a female who was not only innocent and inoffensive, but really one of the most virtuous of human beings, against whom neither private slander nor political passion had ever breathed a complaint?

the women, in leaving the cart, begged to embrace her (1). She kissed them, and, with her usual benignity, said some words of comfort to each. Her strength never abandoned her, and she died with all the resignation of the purest piety. Her soul was separated from her body, and ascended to receive its reward from the merciful Being, whose worthy servant she had been.

Marie Phillipine Elizabeth-Helene(2), sister of Louis XVI., died on the 10th May, 1794, at the age of thirty years. She had been, during all her life, a model of virtue. From the age of fifteen, she had dedicated herself to piety, and the means of her salvation. Since 1790, when I was in a situation to appreciate her merits, I saw in her nothing but the love

(1) There were executed at the same time with her Mesdames de Lamoignon, Crussol, Montmorin, and six other females; and M. M. de Lomenie (three in number), Montmorin, junior, and eleven other men.

(2) It is observable that the Revolutionary Tribunal did not take the trouble even to ascertain her names: she was condemned as *Anne Elizabeth Capet.*

of God and the horror of sin—religion, gentleness, meekness, modesty—and a devoted attachment to her family; she sacrificed her life for them, for nothing could persuade her to leave the King and Queen. She was, in short, a Princess worthy of the blood to which she belonged. I never can be sufficiently grateful for her goodness to me, which ended only with her life. She looked upon me as her child, and I honoured and loved her as a second mother. I was thought to be very like her in countenance, and I feel conscious that I have something of her character. Would to God I might imitate her virtues, and hope that I may hereafter deserve to meet her, as well as my dear parents, in the bosom of our Creator, where I cannot doubt that they enjoy the reward of their virtuous lives and meritorious deaths!

It is impossible to imagine my distress at finding myself separated from my aunt. I

did not know what had become of her, and could not learn. I passed the night in great anxiety, but, though very uneasy, I was far from believing that her death was so near. Sometimes I tried to persuade myself that they would only banish her from France, but, when I considered the manner in which she had been carried off, all my fears revived.

Next day I inquired what had become of her. The officers replied, "that she was "gone to take the air." I repeated my desire, "that since I was to be separated from my "aunt, I should be allowed to rejoin my mo-"ther." They said they would speak about it. They then brought me the key of a press, in which my aunt had kept her linen. I wished to send her some, as she had gone without any. They answered, that they could not permit it. To all my entreaties to see my mother, or hear of my aunt, these

men always answered, that they would speak about it.

At last, seeing that all these endeavours were fruitless, and recollecting that my aunt had told me, if ever I should be left alone, it was my duty to ask for a female attendant, I did so, in obedience to her advice; but reluctantly, for I was sure either of being refused, or of getting some wicked woman. In fact, the municipal officers answered this request by telling me that I did not want a woman, and by redoubling their severity towards me. They even took away my knife, which had been before returned to me. This they did after the following examination:

Come, young citizen, tell us, have you a great many knives?

No, gentlemen, only two.

Have you none in your dressing-case?

No, gentlemen.

Neither knives nor scissors?

No, gentlemen.

Another time, having found the stove warm, they deprived me of a tinder-box.

May one ask what you wanted of a fire?

To bathe my feet in hot water.

How did you light the fire?

With a tinder-box and flint.

Who gave them to you?

I do not know.

Meanwhile we shall take them away; it is for your good, lest you should fall asleep near the fire and burn yourself. Have you any thing else?

No, gentlemen.

Similar scenes were renewed every day, but I only spoke, even to those who brought me my meals, when they put direct questions to me.

One day there came a man who, I believe, was Robespierre. The officers showed him great respect. His visit was a 'secret,' even to the people in the tower, who did not know who he was, or, at least, would not tell me:

he stared insolently at me, cast his eyes on my books, and, after joining the municipal officers in a search, retired (3).

The guards were often drunk; but they generally left my brother and me quiet in our respective apartments until the 9th Thermidor. My brother still pined in solitude and filth. His keepers never went near him but to give him his meals. They had no compassion for this unhappy child. There was one of the guards, whose gentle manners encouraged me to recommend my brother to his attention: this man ventured to complain of the severity with which the boy was treated, but he was dismissed next day.

For myself I asked nothing but what was

(3) The first edition suppressed Madame's account of this mysterious visit; it seems to give colour to a report which was spread that Robespierre had the audacity to raise his thoughts to the hand of the young Princess. It was probably a dislike to preserve any trace of this surprising insolence that induced the first editor to omit this passage.

indispensable, and even this was often harshly refused; but I, at least, could keep myself clean. I had soap and water, and carefully swept out my room every day. I had no light; but in the long days I did not feel much this privation. They would not give me any more books; but I had some religious works and some travels, which I had read over and over. I also had my knitting, which tired me very much (4).

Such was our state when the 9th (5) Thermidor arrived: I heard the drums beating to arms, the tocsin ringing, and grew very uneasy. The officers who were in the Temple never stirred out. When my dinner was brought, I was afraid to ask what the matter

(4) There is a singular naiveté in the original expression; "J'avais aussi un tricot *qui m'ennuyait beaucoup.*" It describes admirably the irksomeness of this solitary and worn-out amusement, which, though it tired her, she could not help continuing.

(5) 27th of July, 1794, the day of the overthrow of Robespierre.

was; but on the 10th Thermidor, at six o'clock in the morning, I heard a frightful noise in the Temple. The guards were calling to arms, the drums were rolling, and doors opening and shutting with violence. All this tumult was, it seems, occasioned by a visit of some members of the National Assembly (the Convention), who came to see that all was quiet. I heard the doors of my brother's room open; I then jumped out of bed, and was already dressed by the time the deputies came to my room. There were Barras(6), and several others: they were in

(6) Barras, of a noble family of Provence, a conventionalist, a regicide, and at last a director. He was Buonaparte's first patron; and, when the latter attained the supreme power, became, as is natural with such worthies, his first victim. He amassed enormous wealth, and settled himself, after Buonaparte's ingratitude, in his native province, where he lived in the enjoyment of his ill-gotten riches, till the law for banishing the regicides disturbed his luxurious retirement.

their official full dress, which surprised me, not being accustomed to see them so fine. Barras spoke to me, called me by my name, and was surprised to find me up. They soon went away; and I heard them haranguing the guards under the windows, and exhorting them to be faithful to the National Convention. There were great shouts of *Vive la Republic! Vive la Convention!* The guard was doubled, and the three municipal officers, who were in the Temple, remained there eight days. In the evening of the third day, about half-past nine, as I was lying in bed, because I had no light, but not able to sleep from anxiety as to what was going on, they knocked at my door, to show me to Laurent, the commissioner appointed by the Convention for the custody of my brother and myself. I got up: they made me a long visit, showing Laurent every thing about the apartment, and then retired.

Next morning, at ten o'clock, Laurent (7) came into my room, and inquired politely whether I wanted any thing. He visited me three times a day, but always with civility, and, in addressing me, he did not *thee*-and-*thou* (*tutoyer*) me. He never searched the drawers, nor other pieces of furniture.

At the end of three days, the Convention sent a deputation to ascertain the situation of my brother. The members (8) were struck with pity at the state in which they found him, and directed that he should be better treated. Laurent got him a clean bed out of my room, the old one being filled with bugs and vermin: he made him bathe himself, and cleansed him from the filth with which he was covered. However, they still left him alone.

I soon asked Laurent about what gave me the liveliest concern, the fate of my mother

(7) I am sorry not to be able to give any account of Laurent.

(8) This was not the deputation whose report follows this narrative.

and aunt, of whose deaths I was still ignorant. I also asked to be permitted to rejoin my mother. He replied, with an air of concern, that my inquiries should not be addressed to him.

Next day came some men in scarfs(9), to whom I repeated the same question, and they gave me the same answer. They added, that they did not see why I should wish to be released, as I seemed to be very comfortable. "*It is dreadful,*" I replied, "*to "be separated for more than a year from one's "mother, without even hearing what has become*

(9) One of the fopperies of the Revolution was the costumes and scarfs which the public functionaries, as they were called, wore. This absurdity is not yet quite disused: the members of the Chamber of Peers and Deputies have still a peculiar costume. It is not unusual to see some of these gentlemen in a fine embroidered coat, over their other ordinary clothes, and wearing perhaps the dirty boots in which they walked to the assembly. They should be *either* in full costume, or in their usual dress: the mixture is ridiculous. It is observable that the reign of equality exhibited as decided distinctions of decoration as the most feudal court.

"*of her, or of my aunt.*" "You are not ill?" "*No, Sir, but the cruellest illness is that of* "*the heart.*" "I tell you again, that we can "do nothing for you; but I advise you to be "patient, and submit to the justice and good- "ness of the French people." I had nothing more to say.

I was exposed (1), next morning, by the explosion which took place at the plain of Grenelle, which terrified me greatly.

During all this time, my brother still remained alone. Laurent visited him thrice a day, but he was afraid to show him all the attention he wished, for he was closely watched. He took, however, more care of me, and I had every reason to be satisfied with him during the whole time of his attendance. He frequently inquired whether I wanted any thing, and begged me to ask for what I might wish for, and to ring my

(1) The original passage is somewhat obscurely expressed, but its meaning is obvious.

bell when I wanted any thing. He gave me back the tinder-box, and allowed me candles.

At the end of October, at one o'clock in the morning, there was a knocking at my door: I was asleep, but I rose immediately and opened the door, trembling with fear. Two men of the committee appeared attended by Laurent; they looked at me, but retired without speaking (2).

In the beginning of November, certain civil commissioners came. They were men chosen, one from each section, to pass twenty-four hours in the Temple, to ascertain the existence of my brother. Another commissioner also, called Gomier (3), came to assist Laurent. He took extraordinary care of my

(2) The account of this strange visit was also suppressed in the original edition.

(3) M. Hue calls him Gomin, and another account Gomain. He accompanied Madame to the frontier, when she was exchanged for the deputies who had been delivered to the Austrians by Dumouriez.

brother. For a great while, this poor child had had no light. He was dying of fright. Gomier obtained leave to give him a candle at night-fall; he even used to pass several hours with him, to amuse him. Gomier soon saw that his wrists and knees were swelled; he was afraid the joints were about to grow callous. He mentioned it to the committee, and asked permission to take him to exercise in the garden. At first, he only removed him to the little parlour, which delighted the child, who was fond of a change of place. He soon felt the attentions of Gomier, and became fond of him: the poor boy had been long unaccustomed to kindness. There is no example of such studied barbarity to a child.

On the 19th of December, the Committee of Public Safety (4) came to the Temple. in

(4) This was a deputation of the Committee, an account of whose visit from the pen of one of them is added to this publication.

consequence of his illness. The members also visited me, but did not speak.

The winter passed quietly enough: the keepers were civil, and even lighted my fire for me; they allowed me as much fire-wood as I wanted, which pleased me greatly. They also gave me such books as I wished for. Laurent had already procured me several. My greatest misfortune now was, that I could hear no tidings of my mother and aunt. I did not even venture to ask after my uncles or my great aunt, but I thought constantly of them all.

During the winter, my brother had some attacks of fever. He could not be kept away from the fire. Laurent and Gomier used to coax him up to the leads to take the air, but he was hardly there when he complained of not being able to walk, and wished to go down again: he grew worse, and his knees swelled greatly.

Laurent was now removed: but a worthy

man of the name of Loine took his place, and, with Gomier, attended the child. In the beginning of spring they persuaded me to go up to the leads, which I did.

The illness of my brother grew worse every day; his strength diminished; his mind even was affected by the severity he had suffered so long. The Committee of Public Safety sent Dessault, a physician, to attend him: he promised to cure him, though he admitted the disease was very dangerous. Dessault died(5), and M. Dumangin and Pelletan, a surgeon, were appointed to succeed him. They had from the beginning no hope; they gave him, however, some medicines, which he swallowed with great difficulty. He fortunately did

(5) It has been often stated that Dessault died *after* his patient, not without suspicion of poison: this is a mistake; he died *before* the young King. I find also, in Lemaire's History of the Revolution, that a M. Chopart was called in on Dessault's death, and that he also died suddenly; and that on his decease, Pelletan was employed.

not suffer much. It was rather a wasting away than positive pain. He had several alarming crises. The fever increased, his strength diminished, and he expired without pain.

Thus died, on the 9th of June, 1795, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Louis XVII., ten years and two months old. Even his keepers wept for him, so much had his amiable qualities endeared him to them. He had had great talents, but confinement and the horrors of which he has been the victim had greatly altered him, and even if he had lived, it is to be feared that his mental power would have been impaired. I do not believe that he was poisoned, as some have said and still say. That must be false, from the evidence of the medical people, who opened the body and found no traces of poison; the drugs too which were administered to him in his last illness were analysed and found good. The only poison that shortened his days was filth, made

more fatal by horrible treatment, by harshness and cruelty, of which there is no example (6).

Such was the life and death of my beloved friends, during their confinement in the Temple and the other prisons.

Written in the tower of the Temple (7).

(6) Madame Royale remained in the Temple six months after the death of her brother, and left it on the 19th of December, 1795, the seventeenth anniversary of her birth. M. Hue, in his work, relates what passed on this occasion, and whatever information he could collect relative to the last months of the Princess's confinement.

(7) These words were not in the first edition.

I

APPENDIX.

I.

NARRATIVE

Of what passed between Louis XVI. and M. de Malesherbes.

NOTICE.

M. de Malesherbes has left a journal, containing the following details upon what passed at the Temple, between Louis XVI. and himself, which supplies some circumstances wanting in all the other accounts, and which it is therefore thought right to reprint here.

THE moment I received permission to enter the apartment of the King, I hastened thither. On perceiving me, he immediately quitted a Tacitus, which lay open before him on a small table. He embraced me, his eyes filled with tears, and he said to me, "Your "sacrifice is so much the more generous, that "you will expose your own life, and you will "not save mine." I observed to him that

there was no danger for me; that, besides, I at once fulfilled the most sacred of duties, and the warmest wishes of my heart; and that I hoped we might save him by a successful defence. He replied, "I am certain "that they will put me to death; they have "both the power and the will: nevertheless, "let us attend to my trial, as if I were likely "to succeed; and indeed I shall succeed, for "my memory shall be without a stain. But "when will the two counsel come?" He had seen Tronchet in the Constituent Assembly, but was not acquainted with Desèze. He made some inquiries concerning the latter, and appeared much satisfied with the account I gave of him.

He was every day employed with us in analyzing the various documents, suggesting arguments, and refuting charges, with a presence of mind and firmness, which filled his other advocates as well as myself with admeration, and of which they availed themselves by taking notes in addition to their

own. We flattered ourselves that we might hope for a sentence of banishment. We mentioned this to him; and by our reasonings in support of this idea we alleviated the acuteness of his feelings. He entertained the idea for some days; but the public papers undeceived him, and proved that we must abandon any such hope.

When Desèze had drawn up his speech, he read it to us. I have never heard any thing more pathetic than the conclusion: it drew tears from us: but the King said to him—"*It must be omitted; I do not wish to touch "their feelings.*"

On another occasion, when we were alone, he said to me—"One thing distresses me "much: Desèze and Tronchet owe me no- "thing; they devote to me their time, their "talents, and perhaps their lives; what return "can I make for such services? I have nothing "left: if I made a bequest in their favour, it "would not be carried into effect: but, indeed,

"it is not with money that such a debt can be "discharged." Sire," I replied, "their own "conscience and posterity will confer on them "their just reward. But you may yourself "bestow one which will overpay them." "*How?*" "Embrace them, Sire." The following day the King folded them in his arms, and they shed tears whilst they seized his hands.

The day of trial was approaching, when he, one morning, said to me, "My sister has "mentioned to me a worthy clergyman, who "has not taken the oath, and whose obscure "station may hereafter shelter him from per-"secution: this is his direction. Will you go "to him, speak with him, and prepare him to "come, when I shall have obtained permission "to see him?" He added, "This is a strange "commission for a *philosopher* (1), as I know

(1) *Philosophe* and infidel were synonymous terms, since Voltaire had persuaded the wits of Paris that religion was a superstition, and that to deny Christ was the test of good sense.

"you to be; but, if you had suffered as much "as I have, and were about to die, as I am, I "should wish you to enjoy those religious sen- "timents, which would support and console "you much better than philosophy. My dear "Monsieur de Malesherbes, it is with all my "heart that I pray to God to enlighten you."

After the sitting, at which he and his advocates had been heard at the Bar, he said to me, "You now perceive that, from the first "instant, I was not mistaken, and that my "sentence was pronounced before I had been "heard." On my return from the Assembly, where we had urged an appeal to the people, and where we had all three spoken, I told him that, on coming out, I had been surrounded by a great number of persons, who had assured me that he should not perish, or, at least, not till *after* they themselves, and their friends, had died in the attempt to save him. He said to me, "Do you know "them? Return to the Assembly instantly;

"try to find them: tell them that I should
"never forgive them if a drop of blood were
"shed on my account. I would not consent
"that any should be spilled, when, perhaps,
"it might have saved my throne and my life;
"and I do not repent my forbearance." I
was the first who announced his sentence
to him: his back was turned to a lamp
which stood on the chimney, his elbows on
the table, and his face covered with his hands.
The noise I made in entering roused him from
his meditation: he looked steadily at me, and
rising, said to me, "For two days I have been
"occupied in considering, whether, during
"the course of my reign, I have deserved the
"slightest reproach from my subjects: well,
"M. de Malesherbes, I declare to you, with
"all the sincerity of my heart, as a man about
"to appear before his God, that I have always
"wished and laboured for the happiness of
"my people; and I have not, in my whole life,
"had one idea that was inconsistent with this

"feeling of my heart." I saw, once more, my unfortunate Sovereign: two municipal officers were standing by his side: he also stood, and was reading. One of them told me to speak to him, adding, that they should not listen. I assured the King that the priest he had wished for was coming: he embraced me, and said, "Death does not alarm me: "I have the greatest confidence in the mercy "of God."

II.

REPORT

Of John Baptiste Harmand, one of the Commissioners of the Convention, appointed to inquire into the State of the Son of Louis XVI.

NOTICE.

Few men, even in the Revolution, have suffered greater vicissitudes of fortune than J. B. Harmand, the author of the following paper. He was of a respectable family, and an advocate at bar before the Revolution. In 1792, he was elected to the Convention, where he voted for the *exile* of the King, which was equivalent, under the circumstances, to a vote of acquittal. Though he sat on the Mountain, he was really a *modéré*, not to say a royalist. After the fall of Robespierre, he became a member of the Committee of Public Safety, in which capacity he made an official visit to Louis XVII., which is the subject of the following narrative.

Harmand became a member of the Council of Ancients,

and secretary of that body; he was afterwards elected to the Council of Five Hundred, and when the accession of Buonaparte began to produce a regular government, M. Harmand was appointed Prefect of a Department, and created successively a member of the Legion of Honour, and a Baron of the Empire. He, however, does not seem to have been a more cordial partisan of the Usurpation than he was of the Revolution; for he seems to have been deprived of his Prefecture, and reduced to an obscure and severe, but not dishonourable, poverty. In 1814, he published a pamphlet on the treatment of the Royal Family in the Temple, of which the following Report is an extract; but the sale of this work was too feeble a resource, and towards the end of 1815, this man—who had sat in all the legislatures of regenerated France—whose character and talents were always respectable—who held for a moment the fate of the Royal Family in his hands—who was governor of one of the most important departments of his country, and finally decorated with stars and titles of nobility—*this man* was found in December, 1815, starving of cold and hunger in the streets of Paris, and lived only to be conveyed to the public hospital.

The Report itself is extremely interesting, particularly on account of the firmness and sensibility evinced in the steady silence of the unfortunate child.

We arrived at the door, the bolts of which confined the innocent, the only son

of our King—our King himself.—The key turned with a grating noise in the lock, and on the door being opened, we discovered a small ante-room, perfectly clean, with no other article of furniture in it but an earthenware stove, communicating, by an opening in the wall, with the adjoining room, and which stove could be lighted only in the ante-room. The commissaries observed to us that this precaution had been taken, in order not to leave a fire in the power of a child.

The room so adjoining was the Prince's chamber, containing his bed; the door was fastened on the outside, and we had again to wait for its being opened. These sounds of locks and bolts inspired a gloom, the more painful from being increased, rather than dispelled, by reflection.

The Prince was sitting near a small square table, on which were scattered a number of playing cards, some turned up into the shapes of trunks and boxes, and others raised into

houses. He was occupied with these cards when we entered, and did not leave off his play. He had on a sailor's dress, new, and made of slate-coloured cloth; his head was uncovered; and the room was clean and well lighted. The bed was a small wooden one, without curtains, and the bedding and linen seemed to us to be good and of a fine quality. The bed was behind the door, on the left hand on going in; and farther, on the same side, was another bedstead, without bedding, placed at the foot of the first. Between them there was a door, which was shut, leading into another apartment which we did not see. The commissaries told us that the second bed had been that of the shoemaker Simon.

After having become acquainted with these preliminary details, I approached the Prince; but our motions did not appear to make any impression upon him. I told him that the government—informed too late of the bad state of his health, and of his refusal to take

exercise, or to answer the questions put to him upon that subject, as well as his rejecting the proposals made to him to take some remedies, and to receive the visit of a physician —had sent us to him to ascertain these facts, and, in its name, to renew all those proposals; that we hoped they would be agreeable to him, but that we should take upon ourselves to offer him advice, and even to add reproaches, if he should persist in remaining silent, and in not taking exercise; that we were authorised to offer him such objects of diversion or recreation as he might desire; and that I requested he would tell me whether that pleased him.

Whilst I was thus addressing him, he looked at me steadfastly, without any change of position, and he listened to me apparently with the greatest attention; but not one word in reply.

I then began afresh my proposals, as conceiving that he had not understood me;

and I detailed them pretty nearly in these words:

"I have perhaps explained myself badly, "or perhaps you have not understood me, "sir: I have the honour to ask whether you "wish for a horse, a dog, birds, toys of any "kind whatsoever; or one or more com- "panions of your own age, whom we will "present to you previously to their being "permanently attached to you; will you, at "the present moment, go down into the gar- "den, or ascend the turrets? Do you wish "for sweetmeats, cakes, &c.?"

I exhausted in vain the list of all the things that are usually wished for by children of his age; I did not receive a word of answer, not even a word or a motion, although his face was turned towards me, and he looked at me with an amazing fixedness, denoting the most utter indifference.

I then took upon me to assume a more decided tone, and I ventured to say to him, "Sir, so much obstinacy at your age is a

" fault that nothing can excuse: it is the " more surprising, since our visit, as you " must perceive, has for its object the afford- " ing some relief to your situation, some at- " tentions and succours to your health; how " can we attain this object, if you persist in " refusing to answer, and to say what is agree- " able to you? Is there any other way of " making the proposal? have the goodness " to state it, and we shall adopt it."

Still the same fixed look and the same attention, but not a word. I resumed;

" If your refusal to speak, sir, involved " none but yourself, we would wait, not " without pain, but with more patience, " until you might be pleased to speak, as we " must conclude that your situation is less " displeasing to you than we imagined, since " you will not change it: but you do not be- " long to yourself; all those about you are " responsible for your person and your con- " dition: do you wish that we ourselves should " be blamed? For what answer can we give

"to the government, of which we are only "the delegates? Have the goodness to an- "swer me, I entreat you, or we must finish "by commanding you."

Not a word, and always the same fixedness. I was in despair, as well as my colleagues: that look had especially so strong a feature of resignation and indifference, that it seemed to say, *what does it matter to me? despatch your victim!*

I could bear no more; my heart was full, and I was near giving way to tears of the bitterest grief; but some steps which I took about the room recovered me, and I resolved to try the effect of a tone of *command.* I tried it accordingly, placing myself close on the Prince's right hand, and saying to him, "*Give me your* "*hand.*" He gave it me; and, extending mine up to his arm-pit, I felt a swelling at the wrist, and one at the elbow. It seems that these swellings were not painful, for the Prince gave no sign of their being so.

"*The other hand:*" he gave it me likewise: but there was nothing.

"*Allow me also to touch your legs and knees.*" He rose; and I found the same swellings under both knees.

In this position, the young Prince had the appearance of rickets, and a bad formation: his legs and thighs were long and thin, his arms the same; his neck short, his chest raised, his shoulders high and narrow; his head was in every respect finely formed and beautiful; his complexion clear, but without colour; his hair long and handsome, well kept, and of a light chesnut colour.

"*Now have the goodness to walk.*" He did so immediately, going towards the door, and returning at once to his seat.

"Do you think, sir, that that is exercise?

"And do you not perceive, on the contrary,

"that this apathy is alone the cause of your

"ill-health, and of the disorders with which

"you are threatened? Pray believe in our

" experience and regard for you: you cannot " hope to recover your health but by attend- " ing to our proposals and advice. We will " send you a physician, and we trust that " you will consent to answer him; at least " make us a sign that it will not be disagree- " able to you."

Not a sign, not a word!

"*Be so good, sir, as to walk again, and for "a little longer time.*"

Silence and refusal. He remained on his seat, his elbows resting on the table: his features did not change for an instant; not the least motion apparent, not the least mark of surprise in the eyes; just as if we had not been present, and as if I had not spoken. I must observe that my colleagues (1) said nothing.

We looked at each other in amazement;

(1) Reverchon and Mathieu: they had both been Jacobins, but came round, I believe, to less violent opinions.

and we were advancing towards each other to exchange our reflections, when the Prince's dinner was brought.

A new scene of grief—it should have been seen and felt, to be believed.

A porringer of red earthen-ware contained a black soup, on the top of which floated a few lentils; and on a plate of the same material lay a small bit of boiled meat, also black and shrivelled, the bad quality of which was sufficiently apparent. There was a second plate of lentils; and a third, in which were six chesnuts, rather burnt than roasted; a pewter fork, but no knife. The commissaries told us that this was by order of the council of the commune: and there was no wine.

Such was the dinner of Louis XVII., of the successor to so many kings! and such was the treatment suffered by innocence!

Whilst the illustrious prisoner was eating this shameful meal, my colleagues and myself expressed by our looks to the commis-

sioners of the municipality our astonishment and indignation: and in order to spare them, in the Prince's presence, the reproaches they deserved, I made them a sign to come into the ante-room. There we explained our sentiments; but they repeated that it was the order of the municipality, and that it was worse before their time. We ordered that this execrable system should be changed for the future, and that they should begin that moment to improve his dinner, and particularly to give him some fruit. I desired that grapes, which were then scarce, should be procured for him.

Having given these orders, we went back into the room, and found that he had eaten every thing. I asked him *whether he was satisfied with his dinner?*

No answer.

Whether he wished for some fruit?

No answer.

Whether he liked grapes?

No answer.

Shortly after the grapes were brought; they were placed on the table, and he eat them without speaking.

Do you wish for more?

No answer.

We could then no longer doubt that every effort on our part to induce him to speak would be useless. I told him the conclusion we had come to, and I said to him that it was the more painful to us, as we could attribute his silence, towards us, only to our having had the misfortune to displease him. I added, that we should, in consequence, propose to the government to send other commissioners who might be more agreeable to him.

The same look, but no reply.

Do you wish, sir, that we should withdraw?

No answer.

After these words we retired. I have stated that the motive to which the commissaries attributed the obstinate silence of

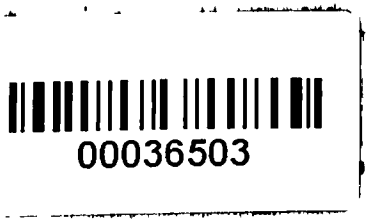
the Prince was his having been forced by Simon to give evidence against his mother and his aunt. I inquired of them, in the anteroom, whether that silence really began on the day upon which that atrocious violence had compelled him to sign the odious and absurd deposition against the Queen. They repeated their assertions on that point, and protested that the Prince had *not spoken since the evening of that day!*

My colleagues and I agreed, that, for the honour of the nation, which was ignorant of these unhappy circumstances—for that of the Convention, which, indeed, knew them not, but which ought to have known them—and for that even of the criminal Municipality of Paris, which knew all, and which caused all these evils, we should confine ourselves to the ordering some steps of temporary alleviation (which were immediately carried into effect); and that we should not make a re-

port in public, but in a secret committee(2); and it was so done.

(2) This accounts for the extraordinary circumstances stated in this report being only to be found in M. Harmand's publication.—The poor Prince died in six months after this visit, and his persecutors hoped that the story of his sufferings would be buried with him.

THE END.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